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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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FRONTISPIECE.

"With palpitating heart I once more snatched up my Spade, & with a single blow shivered the lid of the box in a thousand pieces." P. 15.

Pub. Dec. 1790, by J. Harris, Corner of St. Paul's Church Yard.

P. L. Deane

MODERN ARABIA

DISPLAYED,

IN FOUR TALES.

THE FREEBOOTER OF THE DESERT;
HADJEE ACHMED, OR THE WOODCUTTER;
ADELARA AND ADERON;
SELIM AND ZANADA.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE

ARABIANS

IN THE LAST CENTURY.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.

THE following tales are submitted to the ublic, as conveying correct descriptions of the manners and customs of Arabia in the last century. The flattering reception which the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," has in all languages experienced, contributed, in no small degree, to induce the author to adopt the oriental mode of composition, as most pleasing to youthful taste, and, as it is a generally received opinion, that the information which is clad in the garb of amusement, is best calculated to make a deep impression on the mind, he flatters himself that the specimen he now submits to the world, will be found neither destitute of interest nor instruction.

In the world of letters this path seems to have been very little trodden of late years. Whether this neglect of the eastern mode of writing has arisen from a fearfulness of adventuring into ground which has been so well beaten by the author of the work above alluded to; or whether it may be traced to an indisposition to the subject, it would be hard to determine. The author of the subsequent pages, however, disclaims any idea of competition with that admirable production; he only attempts to continue the chain of information down to the latest period at which we may be supposed to have received any correct intelligence of the nature of those occurrences from which we are so remote.

With this introduction, the author leaves his production at the tribunal of the public, to receive their judgment, and to rise or sink according to the sentence which they may award.

THE FREEBOOTER OF THE DESERT.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

In the year 1756, a caravan of pilgrims, journeying from Bagdad to Mecca, passed over the dreary deserts of Middle Arabia. Scorching were the sunbeams to the languid bodies of the weary travellers; noxious were the deadly breezes which blew from the north; and the agitated sands, like the billows of the ocean, rolled their whelming surges, obscuring the face of heaven, and threatening destruction to all who came within the grasp of their fury. Deserted and desolate was the

scene around the travellers; no refreshing showers burst from the distant clouds to cool the parched atmosphere, no trees relieved the dull uniformity of the landscape, no brooks of water yielded refreshing draughts to the lagging camels, but all was unpromising as the frown of death.

The pomegranates began to fail, and the supply of figs became scanty: the pilgrims looked with anxiety for the beautiful towers of the mosque of Mecca, the glory of Arabia, and the envy of the world, where one hundred gates turn on their golden hinges, and admit true Mussulmen to pay their homage at the shrine of Mahomet. The merchants grew weary with the length of their travail, and thirsted for the moment when they might find repose, and lay their ponderous bales before the wealthy residents of the capital of Arabia.

But eight days must yet elapse before

their hopes could be gratified, before the towers of the magnificent mosque could gladden the eyes of the wanderers. Many a sultry vapour must yet be encountered; many a mountain of sand evaded; many a trackless waste surpassed, while the stars of night should act as the guides of their devious way.

The caravan kept on its way, and already had four days elapsed, when some distant trees appeared. "Pilgrims, rejoice!" exclaimed the officer who commanded the escort; "before us behold a resting place for hope. We are not far from refreshing pools; already the camels, urged by an instinctive impulse, begin to trot. Cheer up your sinking spirits; the prophet has befriended us, and sent us water in the midst of the pathless desert."

Sorrow and despair instantly quitted the countenances of the travellers, and the secret sighs of anguish gave place to

the song of gladness. The pools appeared; the thirsting camels bent their knees on the sands, and quaffed the delicious luxury of nature; while the grateful pilgrims supplied their wants, and drew strength from the ample cistern.

Once more they resumed their way with hearts swelling with joy and gratitude; for the danger of perishing from want had now entirely subsided: sufficient fruits remained for the rest of the journey; the store of water was replenished, and fear was known no more.

The evening approached, the black vapours of the sandy desert were hidden by the blacker darkness of night; the sultry heat of day was succeeded by the piercing severity of a chill atmosphere. A confused murmur was suddenly heard, like a breeze rushing from the north, or a sandy hurricane which carries ruin and desolation wherever it goes; but it was neither the breeze nor the hurricane,

but a troop of wandering Arabs, who had marked the progress of the caravan during the light of the sun, and now, under cover of the thick shadows, rushed down upon the travellers, to plunder and destroy, as the black tempest sweeps the productions of the earth, and nature wars against nature.

The troops which formed the guard of the caravan, prepared to meet the enemy, and the din of battle commenced. But its continuance was short; for a few minutes only did the war horses champ their bits, and tear up the sands with their fury; when the freebooters, dismayed and confounded by the loss of the flower of their strength, turned their backs and fled, leaving their chief, a young man of beautiful appearance, in the hands of their antagonists.

The commander of the Turks was about to destroy his prisoner; already the bright sabre was elevated over his head,

when the pilgrims interfered, and prayed that his fate might be suspended. Moved by the humanity of those whom he had sought to destroy, the robber wept, and the generous Turk sheathed the sword which had been charged with his destruction.

"Mussulmen," exclaimed the freebooter; "you have conquered my heart; and in return for your clemency, listen to the sad and marvellous tale of the unhappy Raazan.

The pilgrims bowed assent, and the freebooter of the desert commenced his relation:

My father was a merchant at Jidda: he was opulent and respected; for he gained his wealth by honourable industry, and devoted a portion of it to the relief of poor mussulmen. Into my bosom he strove to instil similar principles of benevolence and integrity; but,

like the sterile desert, my mind refused to own the power of cultivation. In the midst of his endeavours, my father died, and left me in possession of immense wealth; but 'ere he breathed his last, he called me to his side, and gave me his last advice:

"Raazan, my son, live uprightly, act charitably, and adore the prophet, who will gain for thee the favour of Alla. I leave thee abundance of wealth; enjoy it, and taste of happiness; but beware not to provoke the displeasure of the prophet. I have but one thing to add;—Buried under the earth, in the midst of the circle of orange trees in my garden, is a large trunk, which I received from my father, on his death bed, with a solemn injunction not to open it, until one hundred years should have elapsed; fifty have now passed, and I repeat the injunction to thee. Let not an idle curiosity tempt thee to disobedience, but be

discreet and resolute in the discharge of thy duty. If thou shouldest die before the expiration of the fixed period, leave it a sacred legacy to thy son, under the same restrictions; but, if thou shouldest have no son, bequeath it to a trusty friend; for if my dying command be disregarded, misery will overtake him who shall violate the wishes of the dead."

The old man, as he concluded, put a key into my hands, and soon afterwards breathed his last. I lamented the loss of my father sincerely, for I loved him with true affection; but time diminished my grief and dried up my tears, and I began to calculate the amount of my wealth, which I found to exceed one hundred thousand sequins.

The increase of my wealth gave me a wonderful addition of consequence in my own opinion. I determined no longer to restrain my indulgencies; and with all

the ardour and folly of youth I hired slaves, the fairest which the Turkish merchants brought to the market, and indulged in the most criminal delights. My friends were numerous as the sands of the desert; my concubines were beautiful and engaging; and I was called the happy Raazan, by those who daily drank of my wine and eat of my fruits. My table was always filled with guests, and none went away unsatisfied: my house was open to all, and the gates were never closed until midnight.

Yet, in the midst of this enjoyment, I felt periods of unhappiness, and a restless disquietude, for which I could not account. I began to investigate the cause, when the dying words of my father burst upon my memory. Two years had passed away since they were uttered, and so completely occupied had I been in the pursuit of pleasure, that I had not found a moment's leisure to

call to mind the singular trunk to which he had alluded. The key I had safely deposited in my chest, and the mysterious circumstance had been forgotten. But now that it had recurred to my recollection, I felt an unconquerable desire to look at the exterior of this trunk. There must be something more than common in its appearance, since it was found necessary to bury it in the earth. There could be no harm in catching a momentary glance of the mysterious article.—Thus I argued; and my reasoning was conclusive.

On the following day, I called my gardener, a man who had served my father for thirty years, and on whose fidelity I could rely; and, taking him with me to the retired spot which my father had mentioned, I desired him to dig, and we had soon the happiness to behold the object of my search. Having cleared away the earth, I desired the gar-

dener to raise it from its situation; but his strength was not adequate to the task. I endeavoured to assist him, but the trunk, small as it appeared, remained immoveable, and baffled our united exertions. I would willingly have called in further aid, but I was fearful to trust my secret to a third, since I felt an inward confidence, that the contents of the box were of a pecuniary nature; and that the injunction of my father was founded on a supposition that I might probably squander the wealth he had left me, and that my declining years might be chilled by the blasts of adversity.

When I had thus satisfied myself, I ordered the earth to be replaced; determined to fulfil the desires of him who gave me birth, especially as I considered my present fortune to be inexhaustible. But I was soon to discover the fallacy of my opinion. Wasted in a thousand different ways, my wealth, exhaustless as it

at first appeared, began to decrease very sensibly; and I soon perceived that it was necessary for me to retrench my expenditure, and live on a more frugal plan. But, alas! the resolution came too late, and I had too speedily the mortification to behold myself disobeyed by my slaves, insulted by my concubines; and deserted by my friends, who no longer wished to visit one whose riches were in a state of decay, and to sit at tables which were filled with less luxurious food than that which had formerly decorated them.

I was speedily obliged to discharge my slaves, and diminish my concubines, and, one day, in a melancholy mood, I was lying in a bower in my garden, lamenting the change in my circumstances and prospects, and vainly endeavouring to contrive some scheme for the recovery of my lost pleasures, when my eyes suddenly rested upon the circle of orange-

trees, and the concealed trunk appeared before my imagination. Hastily rising, I rushed towards the spot, when my father's last words again rung in my ears—"Misery will overtake him who shall violate the wishes of the dead."

For some moments, I paused in a state of irresolution; a sudden trembling overcame me, and I grew sick with apprehension. I began to reason with myself, but, alas! I argued in the cause of disobedience—"I am now miserable, (said I) and must remain so, nay, must sink deeper into despair, unless I can find a remedy for my poverty. What evils, greater than these I am now doomed to endure, can await me, if I open the trunk? None! I am confident, on the other hand, that it contains sequins, and these are what I want to restore my peace. My father was right in his injunction, nevertheless: he feared that my wealth might be squandered in fifty

years, and he knew that I must then have gained wisdom, but he could not foresee the full extent of my extravagance: he could not imagine that little more than two years would suffice to dissipate what it was the labour of his whole life to accumulate. If he had anticipated this, he would have limited the injunction to two years."

This kind of reasoning soon removed my fears and indecision; and, seizing a spade, (for I had dismissed even my gardener) I once more began to remove the earth, with an anxiety such as I had never before experienced. A short labour brought me to the desired object, which was to afford me ample means of future indulgence; and when I had completely removed every obstruction, I paused for some moments, to feast my eyes on the receptacle of wealth.

It was then that I felt a renewal of my apprehensions; but they were compara-

tively weak; I soon dissipated them, and curiosity triumphed over every better principle.

With a palpitating heart, I once more snatched up my spade, and with a single blow shivered the lid of the box into a thousand pieces, for I could not move it so as to apply the key. No sooner was the cover destroyed than I threw myself on the earth to examine the contents; but what mortal can describe the horror and disappointment which overpowered me, when I found it empty!

For a while I was completely silenced by the magnitude of my feelings; but at length I was about to vent a thousand curses on my own folly, and on the memory of those who had been the cause of my disappointment, when a sudden mist hid the trunk from my view, and, in a few minutes, a tremendous figure stood before me, huge, ugly, and unshaped.

A prey to terror at this unexpected sight, every other consideration was suddenly arrested and forgotten in the contemplation of the indescribable being that stood frowning before me. I rivetted my eyes on the horrible object, without the power of removing them, or of giving utterance to the strange mixture of surprise and apprehension which filled my breast. After some pause, however, a voice, horribly hoarse and dissonant, sounded in my ears.

" Discreet and prudent youth, well hast thou obeyed the request of thy father! In me, behold Baktosh, the genius of despair, whom the prophet gave in chains to thy grandfather, because he served Alla faithfully, and trod the path of industry and uprightness. Here shut up in my prison, I was condemned to linger out a hundred years, unless some restless and curious descendant of my first master should give me liberty. Thou

art the youth, whom Mahomet has destined to be my saviour, and in recompence for the good thou hast done me, I will accompany thee in all thy future career, until thou shalt, by crime, have forfeited thy life."

As he concluded these words, the genius threw the airy chain which had fettered him for so many years, and had fallen from him, when he left his prison, around my frame, and, in an instant, I found myself shackled and deprived of the power of acting freely. Drawing me away, through a private gate of my garden, the genius conducted me to the top of a hill, but a few paces from my late residence, where I beheld the officers of justice ransacking my house, plundering me of every thing which had remained from my wrecked property, and searching after my person.

I groaned with horror, as I contemplated the scene, and, turning myself

round, beheld my unmerciful conqueror grinning with malicious satisfaction at the sufferings I endured. Pulling my chains, he conducted me to the brink of a precipice, at the foot of which rolled the rough waves of the Red Sea, and pointing to the billows, as they dashed against the shore, he exclaimed, in a voice of triumph—"Fool, why dost thou give way to useless grief, when a single leap from this eminence would at once terminate thy sorrows! That friendly ocean possesses the power of blunting the arrows of adversity, and depriving misery of its sting."

I shuddered as I listened to the words of my inhuman conductor; and measuring with my eye the fearful space which separated me from the agitated gulph, I looked first at the precipice, then at the genius; when the latter, perceiving my hesitation, resumed—"Why dost thou pause? I will leap with thee,

and the same moment shall rid thee of thy wretchedness and of my chains." Maddened and blinded by fury, I sprang from the rock, and lost all sense of being, until I found myself in a vessel, where a surgeon was assisting my recovery.

When I was completely restored, I understood that my leap from the rock had been observed by the captain of the ship, in which I found myself; and that he had sent out a boat to pick me up; since being short of hands, he considered that he might thus make an addition to his crew. Just as I was on the point of perishing, the boat took me from the briny abyss, and conveyed me on board, where the efforts to restore me proved effectual; and once again I felt myself encompassed by the chains of despair, and my hateful guide I saw still at my side, although he was invisible to every one on board but myself.

I soon found that I was on board a pirate, which had lost above one half of her crew, in some recent attacks of a most desperate nature; and when I perceived the gloom which overhung my futurity, I cursed the hand that saved me, and only wished to find an asylum in the tomb. My genius again pointed to the waves, but I feared that a second attempt might meet with no better success than the first, and I turned away dissatisfied and unhappy.

We had not been at sea many days, when we were attacked by a large ship, which out-numbered our own in point of guns and men. During the fight the genius led me into the thickest of dangers, and rendered me anxious after death, but the fate which I sought after fled from me, and while every other individual of the crew perished, I remained unhurt.

In expectation of death from my con-

querors, I lay chained for several days, but after this period I was freed from my fetters, and placed on a barren rock, where I was left to starve, or subsist upon the bounty of Alla. I again resolved to end my days, by plunging into the ocean, but at the very moment when I was about to take a second leap into the sea, I felt myself irresistibly drawn back from the point on which I stood, when overcome with terror, I fell into insensibility.

When I awoke again to a sense of surrounding objects, I beheld a ship standing in close to the rock, and, making a signal, I was quietly taken on board.—Still, however, my attendant genius kept close by my side, and held the chain which bound me to him; and when a few days after I was landed once more on my native shore, fifty miles from Medina, I felt his influence equally strong, and

every effort to rid myself of his chain proved abortive.

Unconscious of my own intention, I wandered from the shore, and followed the road to Medina, subsisting as I went on the charity of mussulmen who took compassion on my misery. After three days fatigue, I beheld the walls of the city, and was soon inclosed within them, and, as the night drew on, wearied with excessive fatigue, I stretched myself at one of the gates of the mosque which contains the tomb of Mahomet, where I fell asleep.

Undisturbed, I slept until the dawn of morning aroused me, and the brilliance of the sunbeams, reflected from the gilded pillars of the building, dazzled me to such a degree, that I could scarcely believe that I was not in paradise. My own wants, the pressure of hunger and thirst, soon convinced me of my mistake,

and I began to wander about the streets, deploring my unhappy lot, and murmuring complaints against the prophet, who could suffer a mussulman to perish from want of food.

While I still complained, I approached a large garden, into which I entered without hesitation, tempted by the uncommon beauty of the fruits and flowers which I beheld in plentiful profusion; and, urged by the cravings of my appetite, I seized a large pomegranate, and began to devour it with the utmost eagerness. Before I had half concluded the delicious feast, I saw the gardener approaching me in a threatening attitude, but I stood still, and waited for him, with an apathy and unconcern, which disarmed his rage, and coming up to me, he inquired, in a tone more gentle than I had expected, what authority I had to enter and pluck the fruit?

Assuming a certain boldness of manner, I replied, that hunger had driven me thither, and that I had tasted no food since the noon of the preceding day. His manner immediately became still more changed, and humanity prompted him to ask me into his residence, and place before me the most exquisite fruits, of which I ate until satisfied nature required no more.

As soon as I had appeased my hunger, my generous host enquired what were my views and intentions as to my future life, when I immediately gave him a sufficient insight into my past life, to induce him to take a still greater interest in my fate; and the good-natured gardener, without hesitation, offered me employment under him, if I knew how to use a spade.

Reduced as I was in my own opinion, and fettered to despair, I saw no prospect of bettering myself; and accepted his pro-

posal. I understood that the garden was the property of Ali Murad, a wealthy merchant, who devoted the splendid building in the midst of it, to the residence of his favourite females, who occasionally walked there with him and frequently alone.

During the residue of the day, I worked at my new occupation with a zeal and industry which were highly gratifying to my employer, who was profuse in his praises and promises. By degrees, the chains of despair became less irksome to me, and the genius frequently permitted me to remain for hours together without being compelled to bear his odious presence. My avocation, hard as it was, was less burdensome than my own thoughts, and my master attributed my unremitted labour, to a love of industry, which might turn considerably to his profit.

On the sixth day after I had been employed in the garden, I perceived Ali

Murad himself, walking towards me, accompanied by an elegant female, whose form reminded me of one, who was the companion of my more fortunate days, and who felt much real pain at parting from me. I sighed, and continued to dig; until the voice of Murad aroused me, and induced me once more to look up as he passed me. What was my emotion at that instant! I beheld in the female no other than my faithful Arara, to whom I had ever been most warmly attached, and who frequently occupied my tenderest thoughts. They had, fortunately, passed by me, when I made the discovery, otherwise my agitation must have been discovered; but while I still stood looking after them, Arara turned her head round, and, beholding me, uttered a faint scream, and fell into a swoon.

With the utmost solicitude Murad assisted to recover her, while I continued

to attend to my labour; but, alas! so completely were my thoughts abstracted from my employment, that I rooted up two fine pomegranates, before I could concentrate them. At this moment Arara recovered, and attributing her indisposition to some trivial cause, kept on her way, but gave me a glance as she proceeded, which convinced me that her heart still cherished my image.

From this time I began to free myself still more from the influence of despair, and now and then a beam of hope would irradiate my gloomy mind, but it was of a short duration, since the threat of my evil genius still sounded in my ears—"I will accompany thee in all thy future career, until thou shalt, by crime, have forfeited thy life." This reflection never failed to produce new terrors in my breast, and to rivet still more firmly the chains of despair.

A few days after I had first seen Arara

in the garden of Murad, as I was occupied in digging, I heard my name suddenly called on in a female voice, and, turning myself round, I perceived a young female slave, who beckoned me to follow her. Without hesitation, I obeyed, and in a short time, had the felicity to clasp once more in my arms, the favourite companion of my prosperity.

In a few words we interchanged our histories, and passed away an hour in the tenderest intercourse, at the close of which, we determined to quit our present situations with as much speed as possible, and proceed to Mecca, where, by the help of the money and jewels which Arara possessed, I might become a respectable merchant.

Our interviews, after this introduction, were frequent, and our plan of arrangement being fully matured, we determined to carry our project into execution with all possible rapidity. To further

our intention, Arara committed to my charge several thousand sequins, for which she was indebted to the liberality of Ali Murad, with which I was to purchase two fleet horses for our purpose. I accordingly made the purchase, and the morning was fixed for our departure, when unfortunately, a circumstance intervened which blasted our hopes.

On the evening before our intended flight was to take place, as I was sitting in Arara's chamber, a sudden noise in the passage adjoining to it made us start from our seats in uncommon trepidation, and, in a moment afterwards, the young female slave who had first called me to the apartment of Arara, rushed into the room, pale and trembling, and exclaimed, "For God's sake, conceal yourself, for Ali Murad is approaching the chamber."

There was, however, no time for escape, and I had scarcely concealed myself be-

hind the curtains of the window, when Murad himself entered the room, and seated himself on the spot which I had just quitted. My agitation, at this moment, increased to such a pitch, that I could not restrain it within proper bounds, and the rustling I made in consequence, caused Murad to quit his seat, and direct his eyes to the spot where I stood, in terrible affright.

My trembling increased, and finding it impossible to keep in my concealment any longer, I boldly rushed forth, and, striking the sabre of Murad out of his hand, I snatched it up, and threatening him with instant death if he made the least alarm, I bound him hand and foot, and taking Arara in my arms, descended rapidly into the garden, and thence proceeded to the place where I had kept my horses in readiness for the following day, and, in a few minutes, we were on the road to Mecca, with all the

speed which the animals could command.

Through the whole of the night we kept on our way with undiminished speed, and the dawn of the morning found us entering upon these gloomy deserts. Supported by affection and hope we journeyed onwards, heedless of the parching sun beams, and the sandy mountains, which annoyed us exceedingly, threatening us continually with destruction, until the fourth evening, when exhausted by fatigue and want of water, the harassed animals refused to make any further exertion, and fell down dead beneath us. Ignorant of the road, and heedless of danger, we continued our way on foot; but on the next evening, a party of horsemen overtook us, amongst whom I recognized Ali Murad himself, who seized Arara, and tore her from me, but, at that moment I struck him to the earth and plunged his

own sabre into his heart. At the same instant, I received a cut which felled me to the earth, where I lay, apparently dead, until the horsemen had again left me; but I awoke to misery, for Arara was gone.

Determined to proceed in search of her at the hazard of my life, I rose to retrace my way over the desert; but it was then that I felt myself wounded and weak, unable to accomplish my intention, incompetent to the least effort. Again I felt myself galled sorely by the chains of despair, and looking up, I beheld my tormenting genius once more at my side, smiling with malignant pleasure at the new misery which I was destined to endure. Maddened with the pain which my wound occasioned me, I wandered here and there, until the shadows of evening overspread the desert, when fatigued and overcome by exertion, I sunk upon the sands, and fell into a deep sleep.

With the dawn I arose refreshed considerably, and strengthened, since the blood no longer flowed from my stiffened wound, and I determined to speed my way to some spot where the wants of nature might be supplied. I had not wandered far, before I was gladdened with the sight of a pool, on the banks of which I stretched myself, and whence I drew delicious draughts, which inspired me with new resolution to encounter, and new strength to surmount fresh fatigues.

Some stale fruits which I picked up from the sands, served to satisfy my craving appetite; and, on the tenth day after I quitted it, I once more found myself within the walls of Medina. My return, I was aware, was at the risk of my life, but existence seemed a blank without Arara, and I determined to regain her or perish.

At a loss how to proceed to obtain my

ends, I wandered through the city and approached the gardens of Ali Murad, but I had not sufficient temerity to enter them, although the death of their late owner was confirmed to me by the general rumour of the day. Mahomet, however, assisted me; for while I was still walking near the spot where I had first seen Arara in Medina, I once more beheld the female slave, who had called me in the garden. Beckoning to her to follow me, I led her into a secluded spot, and interrogated her as to the object of my search; who, she informed me, was once more in the house which had belonged to Murad, and was destined to become the favourite of the son of her late possessor, who was struck with her beauty.

By the aid of this slave, I once more introduced a message to Arara, conjuring her to quit her present situation, and fly with me once more; and so well did my

messenger execute the mission which I entrusted to her, that she drew from Arara a promise to meet me at the gate of the garden on the following evening, and to accompany me wherever I chose to convey her.

Throughout the intervening day I was a prey to the most terrible anxiety; yet I did not neglect the requisite preparations for our journey, having obtained two dromedaries, which were better able to bear the fatigue of crossing the deserts than horses. I also purchased provisions, and laid in store of water, and some arms to defend ourselves if we should again be pursued.

At the appointed time, I was at the spot agreed upon, where in a few minutes I once more pressed Arara to my bosom, and leading her without the gates of the city, where I had left the animals, we soon left the walls behind us, and were again borne swiftly towards the gloomy

deserts, which we had before in vain attempted to cross.

In our way, we were fortunate enough to fall in company with a numerous caravan, journeying to Mecca, to which we immediately joined ourselves, and felt our security considerably increased. But, alas! we were doomed again to taste of misery. An army of Arabs poured down upon us, in the third night of our journey, and in spite of our utmost resistance, plundered us of all the property of the merchants and pilgrims, slew the whole of the Turkish detachment which escorted us, and made many of us prisoners: Arara and the other females were suffered to continue their journey to Mecca, but I was taken, with many others of my fellow travellers, to a remote part of the desert, where we were mingled among the troops of the robbers.

Some of my companions in misfortune made an attempt to escape, some few

weeks after we had been taken, but they failed in the effort, and were all retaken, and cruelly slaughtered, before the eyes of their comrades, in order to deter the rest from making a similar attempt. In every conflict, we were constantly placed in the most dangerous posts, by which means all the other captives have successively been released from their miseries by death, but I survived every disaster; and was doomed to drag on a protracted existence, rendered wretched by the cruel goadings and torments to which I was incessantly compelled to submit.

Dissentions at length broke out amongst the Arabs themselves, and their swords were now turned against each other, with a violence never to be surpassed. Numberless sanguinary conflicts took place, and during the reign of discord, the caravans were suffered to pass over the deserts without molestation: plunder was forgotten; and the

sole object of contention was, which should obtain the mastery. Thus did they continue to harrass each other for the space of many months, until, seeing no probability of the termination of the disputes, various troops detached themselves from the main army, and, selecting from amongst themselves leaders, returned to their old avocations, and began again to waylay the pilgrims, and levy heavy contributions upon every individual who travelled over the gloomy and trackless desert. In a short time the residue of the Arabs joined these various detachments, so that they assumed a more formidable appearance, and began to venture, with greater confidence, upon exploits of a more daring description.

A few weeks have only elapsed, since, in an attack upon a small caravan, the leader of the detachment, in which I had been compelled to remain, was slain, and I was chosen by lot to fill the vacant

post, and take upon me the command. I would have declined it, but I was aware that a refusal in these cases, is invariably punished with death; and I was therefore placed under the necessity of taking the lead.

This has been the first exploit, in which I have been engaged from that moment, and I rejoice that the issue has been favourable to my wishes. It has given to me again the opportunity of uniting myself to my Arara, and has broken the chain with which the genius of despair has hitherto bound me. The threat which my gloomy companion uttered on our first meeting is now accomplished. "I have, by crime, forfeited my life," and it is to your benevolence that I owe my existence. I trust, Alla will now receive my penitence, and bestow no further punishment on me for yielding to a criminal curiosity, and disobeying the last request of the best of fathers.

Merchants, and pilgrims, learn from me that gold is as the dust of the earth; yea, as the sands of the desert, easily scattered, and hard to be restored to its original spot. Learn further from my hapless story, that the true enjoyment of life consists not in eating and drinking, and making money; but that a greater bliss, and the true happiness of man are to be found in acts of charity and beneficence, piety and virtue. You have given to me a lesson of humanity and forbearance, and I, in return, have offered to you wisdom drawn from the fountain of experience.

Let us continue our journey together, and pay our devotion at the shrine of our prophet: and I trust that Alla has yet in store for me joys which may counterbalance my past misfortunes; and riches, which I may devote to nobler purposes than those in which I wasted the fortune which my father acquired by industry."

Raazan concluded his tale, and the whole caravan was moved with the sorrows which he had experieneed. He was permitted to join himself to the travellers, and the hearts of all exulted when they congratulated themselves in having been the means of preserving a man whom necessity had rendered a criminal.

The caravan kept on its way towards the boundaries of the desert; which soon appeared in sight, and, on the second morning, the beautiful towers of Mecca, glistening in the sun, struck full on the view, and imparted universal joy throughout the caravan, who were loud in their thanks to Mahomet for their safe arrival.

Scarcely had Raazan set foot in Mecca before he accidentally met with his Arara: the meeting was that of the purest affection; the hearts of the lovers sprang forward to meet each other; their sorrows were terminated.

The jewels which Arara had brought with her, were soon converted into money, and Raazan became a respectable, and in course of time, an opulent merchant. He had only one son, who inherited those virtues, which had crowned the latter days of his father; and to him Raazan imparted the story of his own misfortunes, deducing this moral for the instruction of youth—that prudence never leads to misery, and precipitation never can insure happiness or success.

HADJEE ACHMED;

OR,

THE WOODCUTTER.

HADJEE Achmed was far advanced in the valley of years; he had passed by the flowers and beautiful shrubs which ornament the entrance, and had just gained a view of the black and dreary desert of the tomb. Yet was he strong and healthy as the he-goats which brouzed on the ascent of Sinai, and returned regularly to his daily toil, as the camels from the valley of Faran. Upwards of thirty years had he toiled as a wood-cutter in the grove of Sinai, and

a family hung upon his industry, and derived existence from his toil.

The town of Suez, to which Achmed carried his wood, lies at one end of the Arabian Gulph: and is surrounded by the desert of Sinai. Its vicinity presents to the eye, neither gardens, meadows, fields, nor trees: nothing meets the view of the traveller, but the sterile and unvarying desert, and the lofty mountains of Sinai, which encroach upon the extensive plain.

After a toilsome day of labour, Achmed, (who was called Hadjee, because he had made a pilgrimage to Mecca) returned to his humble dwelling, dispirited and disappointed; and throwing a solitary larin into the lap of his expecting wife, exclaimed in a broken voice:—"That is all the produce of this day's industry: may Alla grant me better luck to-morrow, or we must starve." Four infants ran round their melancholy father; and,

climbing up his knees, wiped away the tears which began to run down his cheeks.

"We must trust in Alla, Achmed!" was the only reply of his wife; but a smile of resignation and affection mingled, conveyed more consolation to the heart of her husband than the most soothing power of language could have produced. His eyes shot forth rays of new lustre: his sinking hopes were again revived; his bosom glowed with fresh animation; he embraced his comforter, kissed his children, and exclaimed more firmly—"We will trust in Alla, even if to-morrow should produce but a single caret."

Joy once more reigned throughout the humble habitation: the smile of content rendered the scanty provision which remained for the evening's meal, sufficient; and Achmed himself seemed to have totally forgotten the sorrows which had

seized him when he first entered into his habitation.

Early on the following morning, Achmed resumed his daily labour: two asses bit the scanty grass which grew under the trees in the grove, which was four hours journey from the town of Suez. He had just felled a palm tree to the earth, and was about to loosen its root, when his axe struck against a stone, which emitted a hollow sound. The curiosity of the Woodcutter was excited by this circumstance; and he began to clear away the mould from the spot with uncommon assiduity and activity. He soon succeeded in discovering the object of his search, which was a large flat stone, on which was a ring.

"This may lead to something curious!" exclaimed Achmed, seizing the ring, and exerting himself to the utmost of his strength to remove the stone; but for some time it resisted his strongest efforts;

until, just as he had determined to seek for assistance, the impediment to his gratification suddenly moved, and, in a few minutes, he had the pleasure to raise it from its situation, and to discover a flight of steps which seemed to lead to some deep and gloomy abode.

For some time Achmed stood irresolute; but his hesitation was not long. He was a man of courage, and was armed with an axe, which would be sufficient to defend him, in case of danger. He determined, therefore, to descend the impervious abyss; and, with this view, he created a light by rubbing together two pieces of dry wood, and began his way.

After some time Achmed arrived at the bottom of the steps, where he beheld a gate, over which hung a key, and this inscription in Arabic and Turkish.—"Stranger, whoever thou art that hast the good fortune to discover this spot,

proceed, until thou shalt have passed five gates, of which this is the first. Tread resolutely; and fear not at any sights which thou mayest behold, for nothing here has the power to injure thee. When thou shalt gain the termination of the cavern, seize upon a scymetar which hangs there, and if thou wouldest be happy and great never part with it from thy side; for the genii of the mountain obey it."

Having read the inscription, Achmed applied the key to the gate, which immediately opened with a sound which echoed through the whole cave, and a thousand horrid forms seemed to obstruct the further progress of the woodcutter. For a moment he paused, alarmed and hesitating whether to proceed or return: but his irresolution vanished when he called to mind the words of the inscription, and flourishing his axe he proceeded to the second gate, over which was sus-

pended a silver lamp which shed a brilliant lustre around. This gate also obeyed the touch of the key which Achmed held, and in an instant an army of wolves opposed his way, and sent forth howlings which echoed through the cavern, and almost stunned the agitated and astonished adventurer: but the danger receded at his approach.

The third gate was of silver, and it sent forth an harmonious sound as it opened; in the midst of this room appeared a coffin supported on pillars of gold, and at its head and feet stood silver lamps. It was also guarded by strange figures, of unsubstantial nature, who moved not at the approach of the stranger, but when he ventured to look upon the coffin, they motioned him to proceed. A golden gate now obstructed his way, but his potent key quickly removed the impediment, and he found himself in a new apartment, round which

were piled heaps of gold and silver, upon which Achmed stopped to gaze with new wonder. "Ah! that this were in my cottage in the valley of Faran," sighed Achmed, as he cast a longing look at the prodigious wealth which was ranged around him. He would have taken some of the gold, but he felt himself urged forward by an irresistible power to the fifth gate.

"Well," said the woodcutter, "this is the last, and when I return I will stop and help myself to a few of the sequins which lie so plentifully about here. This may yet prove a good day's work for me, although I don't much like meeting so many uncommon figures in my way." As he said this, he applied the key to the last gate, which instantly flew open, when the eyes of the adventurer were dazzled and confounded by the display of wealth which he witnessed all around the spacious apartment.

Pearls and emeralds, topazes and amethysts, mingled with bars of gold, were scattered in profuse abundance throughout the room, and so occupied was Achmed in the contemplation of the wondrous beauty of the scene, that he completely forgot the scymetar of which he ought to possess himself, until a sudden noise aroused him from his reverie. Looking for the cause of his alarm, he beheld several huge figures approaching him with uplifted sabres, and the brilliance of the scymetar which hung from the wall, at that moment flashing in his eyes, he rushed towards it, and, seizing it, opposed it to the weapons of his enemies, which instantly vanished with their possessors, and a yell louder than thunder shook the cavern, and almost stunned the paralyzed Achmed, who was scarcely able to retain the grasp of his scymeter.

When Achmed had in some measure recovered from his alarm, he again ven-

tured to look round the room, but there remained nothing in the least calculated to create further apprehension, and he began to look with a complacent eye upon the immense treasures which surrounded him. In a few minutes he gained sufficient courage to advance towards them, and finding them real, he began to conceal the most valuable of the precious stones in his girdle, vest, and turban. When he had gained as much as he could carry, he retraced his way through the gloomy chambers, and returned to his cottage in the valley, although it was now scarcely mid-day.

Alarmed at his early return, his anxious wife hastened to him to learn the cause, but his joyous looks dispelled the apprehensions which were rising in her bosom, and when he had communicated his good fortune, she fell on her knees, and exclaimed, in a voice of transport and gratitude, "Alla be praised! we shall not yet starve."

The first business of Achmed was to convey his treasure to Suez; and as he knew a merchant who purchased precious stones, he immediately sought for him, and offered his store to him. Ismael, which was the name of the merchant, was astonished at the value of the stones which the woodcutter had produced; and, regarding him with an eye of no common curiosity, he exclaimed, "Why, Hadjee Achmed, thou art a most fortunate man to possess such a valuable treasure. I will give thee one thousand sequins for the whole, and pay thee down the money on the spot. It will be a good day's work for thee."

Achmed suddenly felt a certainty that the merchant had not offered the full value of the stones. The readiness with which he had made the offer, and the anxiety which was pourtrayed upon his countenance, corroborated the suspicion; and the woodcutter, instantly gathering

them up again, replied, "No, Ismael, that is not near their value."

The merchant looked confounded, but fearing to lose the bargain, he renewed his offers until Achmed had gained as much as he deemed sufficient, and he accordingly went home, and counted out five thousand sequins into the lap of his wife.

"Gracious Alla!" exclaimed the transported woman, as soon as she found the power of expression, "what a fortunate day has this been for us! What a beautiful head-dress shall I be able to purchase from this inexhaustible fund of wealth!"

"I will return to the cave," said Achmed, "and when I have sold a new supply, I will build me a house in the pleasantest part of Suez, and eat fruits from Mecca. I will no longer cut wood, nor toil for a larin a day. Alla be praised, there is no longer occasion."

Achmed accordingly returned to the cave, and loaded his asses with sequins, rightly considering that too many precious stones would only excite the curiosity of Ismael, and might lead to enquiries which it was his interest to avoid. Three journies to the source of wealth had possessed him of sufficient for his wants for the remainder of his life.

Until this moment, the woodcutter had scarcely bestowed a thought upon his scymetar, but when the agitation of his spirits had somewhat subsided, he took it in his hand, and began to examine it. On its hilt appeared a small inscription; "Draw me when any danger is at hand." The curiosity of Achmed was again excited. "Suppose I draw it now," said he, "there can be no harm in the experiment; and then I shall be able to judge whether it possesses more virtue than that of being of such valuable materials and workmanship."

His wife was equally curious. "Aye, aye, Achmed," said she, "unsheath it, for no harm can come from it at all events, and let us see what it will produce."

The length of time which it had remained in its sheath rendered the task of some difficulty; but it was speedily accomplished. No sooner, however, was it extricated from its scabbard, than its lustre dazzled the astonished pair; and, on recovering themselves so far as to look up, they were struck with new amazement and terror on perceiving that they were surrounded by gigantic beings, one of whom demanded, what danger the possessor of the mysterious scymetar apprehended?

The affrighted woodcutter would, at this instant, have willingly sacrificed all his wealth to have gotten rid of his visitors; but it was in vain that he indulged this sentiment: they still remained around him, and seemed impatiently to await his

answer. At length he summoned up a degree of resolution, and replied in no very firm tone of voice—"I merely drew the weapon to try its effect; I was ignorant of its power."

"'Tis well," replied the etherial interrogator; "when thou hast occasion for aid draw the scymetar, and we will attend thee. The weapon which thou hast discovered, and the treasures of the cave, were those of the sheik Sillaloe, and if thou shalt act prudently they will carry thee prosperously and safely through life. Keep the scymetar always about thee, and use not the treasures improvidently."

When the words ceased, Achmed again lifted his eyes from the earth; but the genii had disappeared, and nothing remained to arrest his view. His composure and courage gradually returned, and he began to congratulate himself and his wife on their good fortune in

being possessed of such valuable acquisitions.

Within a month from this period Achmed had quitted his humble cottage in the valley of Faran, and had purchased himself an elegant house in the town of Suez. The sudden change in the circumstances of the woodcutter soon became the subject of wonder and curiosity amongst the inhabitants of the town, whom he had been accustomed to supply with fuel; but their conjectures as to its cause were wide from the truth.

In the mean time Achmed began to assume an expensive mode of living; his table was covered with the choicest luxuries, and his guests were attended by slaves of the most elegant forms, and beautiful countenances. The dancing girls were choice and numerous; and his name became celebrated throughout the town of Suez.

Amongst the most regular of the vi-

sitors of Achmed was the merchant Ismael, who was actuated by a wish to discover the secret source of the wealth of the woodcutter, and with this view he was continually persuading his unsuspicious host to procure a few more of the costly jewels which he had before sold to him; and, in order to give his application greater weight, he offered one hundred thousand sequins for a supply equal to that which he had formerly purchased for one-twentieth part of the sum. But Ismael had determined to watch Achmed closely, so that he might also discover the wealthy spot and enrich himself.

The woodcutter suffered himself to be tempted by the offer of the merchant, and, at his last visit, promised to bring him the jewels on the following morning. Ismael, accordingly, remained with his friend until late in the evening, and then posted himself at his door to watch his motions. As he expected, Achmed

went out an hour or two before sun rise, and Ismael followed his steps to the very spot where the wealth lay. He contented himself, however, for the present, with noticing its exact situation, and then returned to mature his plans for the promotion of his own views.

The artful merchant was punctual to his engagement on the following day, and visited Achmed, with the appointed sum, when he was put in possession of jewels far surpassing in value even those which he had before received from him. The avarice of the merchant was stimulated by this sight, and he determined to ripen his plan.

Habel Hirask, the governor of Suez, was a man of the most greedy and unprincipled disposition; and Ismael determined to make this man the depositary of his secret, and thus to pay court to him, and to cover his own actions from censure. He immediately waited upon him,

and, having obtained an audience, laid before the governor a long narrative respecting the change in Achmed's circumstances, and his own curiosity and penetration, which had led to the discovery of the cause. The rapacious governor was easily prevailed upon to accompany Ismael, without delay, to the appointed spot.

Achmed had congratulated himself upon the acquisition which he had just made, to his wealth, by the sale of his jewels, and was girding on his scymetar to ride out, when he found his hand rivetted, as it were, to the hilt, and, in his endeavours to extricate it, the weapon was drawn from its sheath, and two genii appeared before the astonished Achmed, who could scarcely muster sufficient strength to inform them of the accident.

"It was no accident," said one of the etherial visitors, "but was caused by us,

in order that thou mightest summon us into thy presence. Ismael has turned traitor to thee, and discovered thy treasure, and is now gone with Habel Hirask to seize it. Thou shalt prevent their design, if thou wilt follow their steps, and enter the cave after them. They shall be impelled forward, until they reach the coffin of the Shiek, when their curiosity will prompt them to look into it. At that moment thou wilt draw thy scymetar, and leave the rest to us. They will return to Suez no more, but, buried in the Mountain of Sinai, they shall expiate in chains and tortures, for their dishonesty and presumption."

The Woodcutter promised obedience, and, instantly saddling his ass, took his departure for the grove; where, on his arrival he perceived Ismael and the governor raising the stone which covered the entrance into the cave. Two Arabs, who had attended them, remained with-

out the grove, and stopped the progress of Achmed, desiring him to remain with them until the governor should return, as no one could be allowed to enter the grove. Achmed drew his scymetar, and the soldiers were about to follow his example, when they found themselves suddenly disabled by an unseen power, which prevented them from venting their indignation in any other way than by words. Regardless of their execrations, the Woodcutter advanced to the mouth of the cave, and penetrated into the bowels of the mountain.

Just as the intruders arrived at the third gate, Achmed came up with them, but they heard not his approach, and kept on their way. "What is here?" said the governor, looking at the coffin; "this must be the burial place of the Sheik Sillaloe, which has never until this moment been discovered by me, although I have so long sought for it." As he

said this, he advanced towards the coffin, where the genii no longer kept guard, since the scymetar had been taken away, and was about to look into it, when a peal of thunder shook the cave to its foundation, and Habel and Ismael, turning round, beheld Achmed standing behind them, with his hand on his scymetar, ready to draw it. The governor no sooner beheld himself detected, than he became furious with rage, and raising his lance, which he held in his hand, exclaimed—"Traitor, darest thou to act as a spy on the actions of thy governor, after having concealed the treasure which is contained in this unknown spot? Take the reward of thy vile conduct, and all thy wealth shalt be forfeited to the state. He attempted to hurl his lance, as he concluded, but the brilliance of the scymetar, which Achmed instantly unsheathed, so completely dazzled him, that the weapon dropped to the earth. The room

was instantly filled with genii, who were about to hurry away the victims of their own folly, when Achmed addressed them —"Wretches, behold the consequences of your treachery. Had you sought by open means to have discovered the cause of my wealth, you might have succeeded: at all events you would have escaped punishment, but your folly has cost you your life." The terrified merchant fell on his knees, but, at the instant, he was carried away from the sight of Achmed, together with the governor, and all remained tranquil as before.

Achmed immediately left the cave, and mounting his ass, began to retrace his way to the town. The Arabs who had assailed him on his arrival, were no longer at the entrance of the grove, and he was at a loss to ascertain whether they had fallen victims to the folly of their masters, or had returned to Suez, alarmed by what they had felt, and heard, for

the thunder which shook the cave was of no common violence.

During the following day, the absence of the governor was much spoken of, and Achmed, when he went abroad, found himself an object of more than usual curiosity, and a suspicion immediately rushed across his mind, that his conduct during the preceding day had been whispered abroad. This mistrust was speedily confirmed, when he met with the two Arabs who had encountered him at the grove of Sinai, and who immediately fled from him, with emotions of the utmost terror and consternation.

Achmed returned to his house, but, just as it became dark, a crowd appeared to be collecting round the mansion, which increased prodigiously, until, at length, the tumult became so violent, that he went to the top of his residence, and demanded of the people the reason of their visit, and the motives which

rendered them so turbulent. An instant shout burst from the multitude, followed by repeated cries of, "Magician, restore to us the governor, or dread our vengeance." For some moments, Achmed remained silent; but, when silence began to prevail, he replied in a loud and firm tone,—"Arabs, your governor has rashly rushed upon his own destruction: he sought to plunder me of my wealth, but his punishment came not from my hand."

This reply, instead of calming the people, rendered them more outrageous, since the object of their fury had now confessed that he knew what was become of the governor, and they resolved to make Achmed their victim. It was not because the governor was beloved, that such an uproar was made respecting his absence; but envy had made the fortunate woodcutter many enemies amongst his neighbours, who had toiled with less

success, and they rejoiced to find an opportunity to vent their indignation against its innocent object.

In a few minutes, a tremendous assault was made upon the house door, and, unable to resist the attack, it immediately gave way: but, at this instant, Achmed drew his scymetar, and the genii flew to his assistance. A sudden metamorphosis succeeded, and the woodcutter found himself in a humble cottage, round which the crowd still continued to assemble, and were looking in vain for the elegant mansion of the object of their fury. Achmed himself was completely changed in appearance, and issuing from his shed, mingled with the multitude.

Confused murmurs, and varied cries of resentment, burst from the throng.—"The house has vanished, and the magician has escaped us!"—"Who could have supposed that the Hadjee Achmed

could be guilty of such crimes!"—"He has cut wood for thirty years to some purpose." A hundred expressions of a similar import escaped from the angry people, who, after searching some time in vain, listened to the suggestions of the two Arabs, and took their way to the source of the Woodcutter's wealth, with a view to enrich themselves.

Achmed still retained his scymetar, concealed underneath his vest, and no sooner did he hear the determination of the crowd, than he resolved to accompany them, and to frustrate their purposes. He accordingly set forward, and after a few hours toil, arrived in sight of the grove.

"Here," said the two soldiers who led the crowd, "in this very spot the vile magician prevented us from putting him to death, by his vile arts, and just within the palms is the spot where the governor and Ismael descended into the earth.—

Already we see the stone which covers the cave."

Achmed retired to a little distance from the multitude, and, drawing his scymetar, the grove instantly disappeared, and nothing but the broad and boundless desert appeared.—"May Alla curse thee, thou vile magician!" cried a hundred voices together; "we may hunt after thee for ever, and never come the nearer to gain thee."

At this moment a sirocco sprung up, which is a poisonous wind that occasionally passes over the deserts; the alarmed crowd fell flat on their faces, and hid them in the sand, to elude its baleful effects. Sudden qualms and debility assailed them universally, and cries and groans of anguish and apprehension succeeded those of anger and mortification. But Achmed was preserved from the power of the breeze: he felt himself strong and healthy, and returned to the

cottage which he had left, leaving his companions to curse their own folly and curiosity.

At the close of the following day, the multitude returned to Suez, sickly and exhausted by the fatigues which they had undergone. Every one was loud in his execrations against the woodcutter, but all were unanimous in resolving to pursue him no further.

Achmed, however, considering it unsafe for him to remain in Suez, collected his wealth, which amounted to more than two hundred thousand sequins, and took his departure for the town of Loheia, where he purchased a large house, and resumed his former style of opulent splendour. His wealth and hospitality soon drew numbers to his house, and his friends increased, until they comprised all the rich and respectable of the town.

A month after he had taken up his

abode in Loheia, Achmed was passing through the streets, when his attention was arrested by the sound of clashing swords, and he hastened to the spot to give his assistance to quell the disturbance. When he arrived, however, he beheld an Arab bleeding on the ground, but his antagonist had decamped. Urged by humanity, he bent down to render assistance to the wounded man, when the patrole came up, who had been drawn thither by the sounds, and instantly took him into custody, in spite of his asseverations of his innocence, the unfortunate man whom he came to assist had breathed his last, and none was at hand to exculpate him.

On the following morning Achmed was carried before the emir, to whom in vain he repeated the circumstances which had drawn him to the fatal spot: the emir shut his ears against his tale, and commanded that he should be carried to a

dungeon, until the next day, when his life should be forfeited for that of the deceased Arab.

In the gloom of solitude and confinement Achmed bethought himself of his scymetar, which had escaped notice, as he wore it concealed beneath his vest; but he forbore to use it, until the last extremity; since he wished not that those who had associated with him here should be induced to look upon him as a magician. Yet if the emir persisted in his intention, there was no other way of escape, and he determined, in that case, to have again recourse to the virtues of the mysterious weapon.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the following morning, before the officers of the emir entered the prison to convey him once more before the governor, whom he again vainly endeavoured to win over to a belief of his statement. The Arab, however, was obstinately resolved on his

his execution, for he had felt some envy at the growing fame of Achmed, and he secretly rejoiced that he had now an opportunity to destroy one, whose liberality and opulence were held in such estimation as to eclipse his own. The sanguinary emir, accordingly, ordered the eyes of Achmed to be scooped out: but the latter, finding that there was now no alternative but to draw his scymetar or die, by a violent effort extricated his right hand from the cord which confined it, and thrusting it in his bosom, drew forth the glittering weapon, which dazzled all around him, and rendered them incapable of resisting him.

In an instant the cords fell from him, and he proceeded to the gate of the palace, still holding up his naked weapon; while the astonished Arabs, as they strove to pursue him, found their strength fail them, and fell over each other in terrible confusion. In the mean time Ach-

med kept on his way to his own house, and, although many in his road attempted to stay his progress, they found themselves restrained by some superior power, which deprived them of the faculty of motion.

When Achmed reached home, he immediately began to pack up his wealth once more, as he informed his wife of the evils which he had inadvertently drawn upon himself by his humane interference, and before the close of the evening he was again prepared to quit a place where he could no longer remain unsuspected. He had purchased three camels to convey his wealth and his family, and determined, on the appearance of the dawn, to commence his progress to Mecca, which lay at the distance of eleven days journey, and where he determined to lay aside his scymetar, and to direct his attention to mercantile pursuits, in which he hoped to find repose from those troubles and

anxieties which had lately assailed him, and which had caused him so much unhappiness.

"What," said he in a moment of despondency, "what avails all my wealth? of what use is it that I enjoy all the luxuries which Arabia can produce, if I am to be thus incessantly tormented by this scymetar, and to be continually involved in danger, from which nothing less than genii can extricate me? I would almost exchange my present for my past situation in life, if I could again enjoy the peace and comforts which rendered even the existence of a woodcutter happy.—Slander and persecution, like the poisonous breath of the Simmoon, have blown upon my fame, and continually rendered me unhappy; if wealth be always accompanied by such effects, why should man be discontented with poverty? why not rather choose a situation too mean for envy and malice to annoy?"

Thus mourned Achmed through the night previous to his departure; but his cogitations were suddenly interrupted by a violent shouting and attack upon his house by an immense crowd, which had assembled for that purpose. Hastily rising, he descended to his yard, and, loading his camels with his wealth and family, he drew his scymetar, and committed them and himself to the protection of the genii, who appeared at his call. In a few moments they found themselves passing through the midst of the crowd, who noticed them not, but devoted their whole attention to the business in which they were employed, and the door of the house giving way, they all rushed in to seize their victim.

But Achmed, in the meantime, approached the walls of the city, where the gates were closed, and the guards refused to permit him to pass until the dawn; but the genii had undertaken his

protection, and the gates opened of their own accord, to the consternation of the garrison, who vainly endeavoured to oppose the departure of the travellers. Their feet were rivetted to the spot on which they stood, their swords hung useless by their sides, their faculties were all arrested by an invisible power, and they stood panic struck, and beheld the camels pass; while Achmed could scarcely restrain his triumph, when the long desert, through which lay his barren and parched path, met his view.

Through an arid country the travellers kept on their way, during eleven days; resting, by night, either in cities or in a tent pitched upon the expansive plains, where darkness overtook them: and on the twelfth morning the rising sun illuminated the walls of Mecca, and gave to them the joyous information of the close of their journey.

In a short time Achmed led his camels

into the city, and sought for a khan where he might find lodgings for the present. Here he unloaded the beasts, and deposited his wealth; and immediately began to purchase coffee, and to pursue the employment of a merchant, in which he commenced with a degree of success which stimulated him to greater exertions.

He soon purchased himself a residence of stone, capacious and elegant, and invited guests with more prudence and less ostentatiousness than before. Here he cultivated the society of those alone from whose conversation he expected to derive information: the worthless and the dissipated no longer found themselves welcomed to his table.

In the meantime Achmed had hung up the mysterious scymetar, according to the determination he had formed no longer to carry it about with him, but to deport himself in every respect exactly

as other merchants did. A circumstance, however, occurred, which destroyed his intention, and had nearly involved him in new danger.

While he was sitting one evening in his house, two officers of the dola, or governor, came to arrest him, and carry him before their master. Astonished at this strange occurrence, Achmed armed himself secretly with his scymetar, which he concealed, as usual, under his vest, and obeyed the unwelcome and mysterious summons. He was fortunately alone when the officers came, and the darkness prevented any one from observing the progress of Achmed and his guides to the palace.

The dola was sitting alone, waiting for the arrival of the prisoner, and no sooner did he make his entrance, than the governor exclaimed, "Merchant, I am informed that thou art a concealed magician, and this letter from the emir

of Loheia, recommends to me to put thee to death, if thou hast taken refuge in my city, otherwise thou wilt give me cause to repent my ill-timed humanity. Now tell me what thou hast to say to this charge, for I am not fond of behaving with severity, unless I find some sufficient cause to render my conduct justifiable. Art thou a disguised dealer in magic; and dost thou seek to take away my life?"

Achmed was struck with the humanity which appeared on the brow of the dola, and in his words, and stood for a few moments confounded, and unresolved how to act. He saw no probability of rest nor happiness, if every emir thus communicated his actions through the kingdom of Arabia; for although he might always escape their wrath, his life would be that of an Arab of the desert, a period of wandering and misery. He could trust in no man, and none would trust in

him; his countrymen would be to him as the untameable hyena, which attacks man and beast with equal ferocity: whatever recess he might find for his residence, suspicion and apprehension would be his continual associates. As soon as these ideas had flashed across his mind, he looked for a remedy, and saw it only in a simple tale of his life to the benevolent dola, and a surrender to him of the mysterious scymetar, which had been at once the source of his opulence and his misfortunes. When he had thus resolved, he bowed his head lowly to the ground, and replied—"Prince of emirs, thou hast been wrongly informed respecting the persecuted Achmed, who is no magician, nor does he seek to injure any man, but whose troubles have all arisen from his possession of the sword, and his knowledge of the tomb of the Sheik Sillaloe, at the foot of Mount Sinai."

As he said this, he entered into the ac-

count of the manner in which he had obtained possession of the important secret, and of the consequences which had resulted from his use of the mysterious scymetar; and, when he had concluded, drawing the weapon from his bosom, he presented it to the dola, adding—"Permit thy slave to entrust to thee the valuable scymetar, which he has so long kept in charge; but which has, unfortunately, proved such a fertile cause of trouble and difficulty. In thy hands it may be of essential service, but to me it can only produce fresh misfortunes. If thou hast any suspicion of the truth of my assertions, I will lead thy officers to the tomb of the Sheik, where thou mayest receive proof of them; all that Achmed asks in return is, that he may be enabled to live in Mecca without danger, and pursue his business of a merchant without interruption."

"Thou hast been hardly used, mer-

chant, go in peace;" replied the dola, as he took the scymetar of the Sheik, and received instructions how to discover and enter the tomb, where his treasures were deposited. In a few days some officers were dispatched to the spot, who returned laden with stores of wealth, and the dola immediately raised Achmed to the highest post which he could confer.

It was in this situation that the woodcutter at length enjoyed that repose and happiness after which he had, hitherto, vainly sought, since his elevation in life. His family grew up prosperously, and his days, which were now reduced to a scanty number, were closed in happiness. "Achmed, my son," said he, as he lay upon his death-bed, and scattered round him the lessons of wisdom, "always maintain thy integrity, and never let hope nor apprehension urge thee to a departure from the path of rectitude. If

Alla places thee in situations of peril, be virtuous and unshaken, and the Prophet will intercede for thee, and thou shalt find a way to escape. There dwells not in Arabia a true believer who has ever fallen into want and obscurity."

Achmed breathed his last, and was followed to the tomb, shortly afterwards, by his aged spouse, and his son Achmed became wealthy and respected, by treading in the steps of his father.

ADELARA AND ADERON;

OR,

THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

THE Xeriff of Muscat, a city in Arabia Felix, was frequently accustomed to walk through his streets in the evening, in order to convince himself that no irregularities were committed there, but that a proper regard to decorum was maintained amongst his subjects. In these visits, he usually went alone, but was ever provided with a ring which was an indisputable symbol of his power, whenever he wished to make himself known.

During one of these excursions he be-

held a garden door open, and curiosity prompted him immediately to enter, and look round him. He had been but a few minutes in this situation, before a loud cry of lamentation from an elegant mansion which stood at the end of the garden, arrested his notice, and urged him to proceed to the house, and inquire into the cause of the apparent distress. The continuance of the outcry decided him, and he advanced rapidly up the garden, which was delightfully perfumed by the odour of myrrh, cinnamon, cassia, and frankincense.

The door of the mansion was also open, and Aderon (the Xeriff) without hesitation, entered into a spacious apartment, round which innumerable silver lamps shed a lustrous light. The furniture surpassed in elegance any thing which the Xeriff had previously seen, and, in a fit of astonishment, he whispered to himself—" Is it possible that such

splendour and wealth should be in Muscat, and I have hitherto remained in ignorance of it?" Scarcely had he asked himself the question, before an opposite door suddenly opened, and on a couch at the upper end of the apartment which met his view sat a female, in whom were concentrated the beauties of perfection.

The Xeriff was transported by the attractions of the lovely figure which he beheld, and he hastened towards the couch where she was sitting to prostrate himself at her feet, and own the superior power of beauty, when his progress was suddenly arrested by the appearance of twenty females, little inferior to the first in elegance and loveliness, who entered the room, and immediately joined in a lively dance.

So different was this sight from what the Xeriff had expected to behold, that he was totally lost in astonishment. Instead of beholding grief, he witnessed

the extreme of joy and happiness, and he began to persuade himself that the cry of lamentation could not have proceeded from this residence; but that he had been deceived as to the direction from which it had issued. While he stood, hesitating and astonished, one of the damsels approached towards him, and inquired the cause of his intrusion.

Aderon replied by giving an account of the cry which had assailed his ears, and of his adventuring thither in the expectation of discovering its cause. The female who had accosted him, returned no answer, but giving him her hand, led him up the apartment, and seated him on the couch near the lady who seemed to preside, and who, in a voice of the most ravishing sweetness, addressed herself to him.

" Stranger, whoever thou art, that hast intruded here, where no other man has shewn his countenance since I have resided here; if thou wishest to

remain here during the night, thou canst only gain thy wish, by consenting to swear that thou wilt in no way interfere in what thou mayest see passing here, nor relate any circumstance which may come to thy knowledge within these walls."

The Xeriff readily acceded to the proposed condition, and took the required oath. The dancing was resumed for some time; when, at a signal from the mistress, the females suddenly ceased and disappeared. Scarcely had Aderon recovered from the transports into which he had been thrown by the gracefulness which had been displayed in the dance, before the damsels again appeared, bearing between them a table covered with the richest fruits and the most rare wines, which they placed before the stranger and the lady; and the latter with a voice of sweetness, pressed the enraptured Xeriff to partake of the luxuries which had been provided and placed before him.

Aderon attempted to comply with her request, but he was so filled with gazing upon the charms of his fair hostess, that he could scarcely succeed in swallowing a single orange. "My fruits are fine and delicious, stranger;" exclaimed the beautiful female, "but you do not shew your admiration of them by eating heartily. Allow me to help you to this fine pomegranate." The Xeriff bowed, attempted to make a reply, but completely failed, and took the fruit from the hands of her who had already gained as absolute a sway over his heart, as he himself possessed over the town of Muscat. He ate a mouthful of the pomegranate, and then his eyes, his heart, and his thoughts yielded themselves again to the contemplation of the unknown.

It was now, for the first time, that the Xeriff perceived an air of melancholy over the countenance of the mysterious female, which not all the liveliness of

the dancers could dispel. The more he gazed the more was he convinced that he saw correctly, and that some secret cause of anguish lurked in her breast, which it was impossible for him to become acquainted with. He determined, however, to express his suspicions, and to intreat that he might be entrusted with the secret fountain from which her griefs proceeded.

When he had found courage to make the inquiry, he perceived the melancholy expression of her eyes suddenly dissolving into tears: and for some time, she appeared a prey to the most poignant grief: during this period, Aderon had presumed to take her hand, which he pressed with all the respectful devotion of the truest love to his lips, nor did she attempt to withdraw it, nor to resent his freedom; but when she dried up her tears, she made reply:—

"Stranger, although we are unknown

to each other, I think I can confide to you the story of my sufferings; since I see, in your eye, token sufficient of the goodness of your heart. Would that it was in your power to release me from my present imprisonment, how joyfully would I, in return, devote my whole life in endeavouring to repay the obligation."

"Angelic creature!" returned the enraptured Xeriff; who could no longer contain his emotion; "What is to prevent me from this moment hazarding my life to rescue you, if you are detained here contrary to your will. I have great power in the city, and can protect you against any who may attempt to tear you from me, and our happiness in each other will equal the joys of paradise."

"Alas, sir!" replied the fair one; "unless you have power to repulse genii, and to conquer an able magician, it is in vain that you offer to expose your life for me. Such an attempt would draw upon you

certain destruction, and how much will my misery be augmented, if I have to add to my crimes that of having caused your death. But I feel a confidence in your honour, and will impart to you the sad secret of my life, which has abounded in misfortune. My father resided at Mecca, and was beloved for his goodness, and courted for his opulence and wisdom. My mother died while I was yet an infant, before I was able to appreciate her value, or to lament her loss. Yet my education suffered not through the loss of her who gave me birth, since my father, who saw in me the exact image of his own Adelara, after whom I was called, took the utmost pains to perfect me in every female accomplishment. As I grew up, I was followed by several young men, who wished to engross my affections, but there was something in every one which was at issue with my feelings, and I prevailed on my father to

reject them all. About this period, a youth came to Mecca, who exceeded in elegance of form, beauty of countenance, and opulence all that I had ever seen. He found means to introduce himself into my father's good opinion, and he desired me to look upon Mahomet Mori as the future disposer of my person. I cannot say that I felt any reluctance to comply with the desires of my father, and Mahomet appeared to be in a fair way to happiness, if his happiness was centered in me. Already was the day fixed upon, when the ceremony of betrothing us to each other was to take place, when, on a sudden, a rumour arose in the the city, that Mahomet was a mighty magician, and that he had assumed the appearance of a young and opulent merchant, whose intention really was to draw the Mussulmen who might confide in him into a snare. This report soon reached my ears, and it gave me no

small uneasiness; for I had conceived an unconquerable aversion to the bare name of a magician: my suspicions were, indeed, in some measure, corroborated by his more frequent delays in his visits to me, and by his absence altogether at some periods when I most expected him. I determined to sound him upon the subject; and, accordingly, one morning when he came to see me, I contrived to turn the conversation on the subject of magic. "Dear me," said I, "Mahomet, how much it would gratify me, if I could once behold a magician display his power." "You may have the opportunity, my dear Adelara;" returned Mahomet, looking at me with much significance. I was instantly struck with a conviction that I had heard nothing but the truth, and I replied; "Never, Mahomet, for I do not believe that there are any persons so gifted as to become magicians; and, if there were, I should

be cautious not to trust myself so near them as to see their evil practices." "The world says I am one," returned Mahomet. "The world often speaks at random," I replied. Mahomet said no more, but sunk into a fit of gloomy abstraction, such as I had never seen before, and from which all my exertions failed to arouse him; and when he took his leave of me, in a short time afterwards, he looked at me several times in a manner which convinced me that he considered himself not altogether free from mistrust. From that period, my affection for him began to diminish very sensibly, and by degrees my behaviour became more cool and reserved towards him. I took an early opportunity to instil my own suspicions into the bosom of my father, and he began to scrutinize the conduct of my lover with more than ordinary attention; and he soon found

reason to believe that I had not built my change of conduct on slight grounds. The consequence was, the dismissal of Mahomet, and from that moment he was seen no more in the streets of Mecca. A short time after this disappearance of my lover, an old man appeared at the gate of my father's house, and said that he had something to communicate to me which was of the utmost importance. He was instantly admitted to my presence, and when he had ascertained that no one was present, he sprinkled a few drops of a liquid from a phial in his face, and what was my terror and astonishment to behold Mahomet again. He prevented me from calling assistance, by throwing himself on his knees, and intreating me to hear what he had to say; and I foolishly consented; when he attributed his scheme to the violence of his passion, declared he could not live without me, and proposed

to me to depart with him, on the moment, to his dwelling in the mountains of Gibel el Ared.

I was too indignant at his proposal to affect a disposition which I did not feel; and I again attempted to cry out, but he took a potent talisman from his vest, and applied it to my mouth, and I instantly felt myself deprived of the power of speech. He had then full opportunity to plead his cause without interruption, but his professions of love were disgustful to my ears, when I looked upon him as an unprincipled magician. Yet I thought it prudent to conceal my hatred, and I made signs that if he would remove the spell which tied my tongue, I was disposed to make him a favourable reply. Full of transport, he rushed to comply with my request, but no sooner did I recover the use of my tongue, than I set up a loud cry which alarmed my father and the servants, and, before Mahomet could recover him-

self from his surprize, the room was filled with my friends, who seized upon him, and were conveying him into the streets to deliver him up to the crier, when by some means, he contrived to call in his magical spells to his assistance, and escaped from the midst of those who had the custody of him. I was determined no more to place myself in the power of the magician; and, with this view, I gave orders that no one should be admitted into my room but those with whom I was in habits of intimacy. But, alas! my caution was but of little avail: one morning, about a month after my late alarm, my father entered my room with looks of the utmost sorrow, followed by a stranger, who, he said, had brought him news of the death of his brother at Medina. I was about to reply, when I beheld my father struck to the ground by the hand of the stranger, who now appeared as the hateful magician, and before I could

summon sufficient presence of mind to call for assistance, he had silenced me by his spells, and, after metamorphosing my appearance, so that I could not be known, he drew me with an irresistible force from my father's house, and, forcing me to mount upon a camel with him, proceeded on his way to this town, where we arrived after a tedious and painful journey of seven days, during all which time I was compelled to bear the most galling taunts, mingled with threats against my person, and menaces of vengeance against my father for his interference on the first attempt which he had made to gain his views. At the close of the seventh evening I was conveyed into this apartment, and the spell which had hitherto held me in silence was removed. The first use which I made of my speech was to intreat him to restore me to my father, and not to pursue his intention of forcing me to a compliance with his

wishes, but I might as well have addressed myself to the stones of the building, or have attempted to impress the savage beasts of the desart with humanity. He laughed at my prayers, and made light of my distress; telling me in a sneering voice that I should do well to mould my disposition into a compliance with his wishes. The contempt with which he treated me threw me into a dreadful agitation, which produced a severe indisposition; and for ten days after my arrival, I was unable to raise myself from my couch. The monster, instead of shewing any pity for my sufferings, prepared to augment them, and the first thing which assailed my view was a black eunuch, who was destined to wait upon me, and in whose features I was able to trace the exact resemblance of my father. I shuddered as the idea rushed across my mind that my father might have fallen a victim to the magic arts of the magician, but my

fears were soon converted into the reality of misery, when he informed me that I ought to thank him for his kind consideration for my happiness, since he had journeyed to Mecca for the sole purpose of bringing my father to witness my elevation, and to attend me in future. My agony at this moment exceeded the power of expression, and I wonder how it was possible for me to survive the shock I had received. I tried every method in my power to soften the callous heart of the magician, but my efforts were constantly unsuccessful, and I had the misery to behold my father frequently writhing under the strokes of the inhuman wretch, who took a malicious pleasure in thus revenging himself for all the insults which he complained of having received from his victim. Alla, however, enabled me to bear up against the blow of adversity, and gave me strength and resolution to defeat every attempt of the diabolical

magician against my person. At particular times I have unbended so far from my customary reserve as to gain from him some of the secrets of his vile arts, and when I have accomplished my purpose, I have suddenly resumed my former coldness, and irritated him almost to madness. Three days since, he was compelled to pay a visit to the tomb of the Sheik Sœlei, at Loheia, and as this journey cannot be performed in less than twenty two days, I am freed from his presence until the expiration of that period. Before he departed, however, he made a vow that if I did not solemnly engage to keep all mankind from my presence, his wrath should fall heavy upon me when he should return. The nightly correction of my unhappy father is entrusted to a vile wretch whom the magician employs as his gardener, and who takes not less pleasure in executing the commands of his master, than if he was

avenging insults which he had himself received. It was the lamentations of my parent which attracted your notice, but it proceeded from a building which stands in a different part of the garden; as no men are permitted to enter here. The females whom you have seen endeavouring to amuse me have also received their commission from the vile Mahomet, and will inform him of your visits as soon as he shall return. No man, alas! has the power to release me but the Xeriff Aderon, and the task which he would have to perform is such as few men would undertake."

As she concluded, the unhappy Adelara gave vent to a torrent of tears, and leaning her head on her hand began to bewail her unhappy destiny in a tone which pierced the bosom of the ravished Xeriff, and bound still more firmly the bonds of affection round his heart. He considered awhile, whether he should de-

clare himself and stand forward boldly as the champion of the lovely maiden, or whether he should proceed more cautiously to work. Being a young man, however, of sanguine disposition and unconquerable courage, he resolved upon the former plan, especially as nineteen days would elapse before he could return, and this interval was sufficient to execute great things. He, accordingly, took the hand of Adelara, and pressing it once more to his lips, exclaimed—"Cheer up, beautiful Adelara, for thy rescue may be nearer than thou hast imagined. In me behold the Xeriff Aderon, who is destined to set thee free, and who asks for his reward thy love and thy society through life. Consent to these conditions, and I will release thee, let the toil and danger be great as they may. Nothing can daunt a heart which is so devoted to thee, and no difficulties seem great which impede my way to the accomplishment of

my wishes. If thou canst doubt my words, lovely fair one, behold this ring, the pledge at once of my rank and my fidelity."

No sooner did Adelara discover who was her visitor, than she would have cast herself at his feet, had he not caught her in his arms, and pressed her to his bosom. She offered not to extricate herself from his embrace, but laying her head upon his shoulder, gave a loose to her transports, and shed plentiful streams of joy; while Aderon clasped her still more closely, and envied not the bliss of paradise.

But the reign of transport was not suffered to supersede the reign of reason. Adelara raised herself from the embrace of Aderon; and, with the roses of modesty mantling upon her lovely cheeks, again resumed the conversation—" Greatest of emirs, Xeriff of Muscat, I am at thy disposal, and will readily consent to the conditions which thou hast imposed. But

first hear the manner in which alone thou canst conquer the power of the magician. Near the city of Mecca stands the tomb of the Sheik Schœdeli; thither must thou repair, and, buried with the bones of the saint, must perform thy devotions from the setting to the rising of the sun. Whatever wondrous sights thou mayest behold, suffer them not to intimidate thee from the purpose of thy journey, which is to make thyself master of a glittering talisman which hangs over the head of the saint, but which thou mayest not presume to touch, until the period of thy devotions shall have expired. All the powers of magic will be arrayed against thee, but they can do thee no injury whilst thou shalt remain in the sacred tomb, and when thou hast laid thy hand upon the talisman, every thing shall become tranquil. Be cautious, in particular, not to suffer any alarm nor temptation to draw thee from the tomb, before thou hast

remained there for the appointed time. When thou hast once gained the talisman, thy victory is complete, and the power of the vile Mahomet is for ever at an end."

Aderon declared his resolution to set forward on the following day, on his swiftest dromedary, to achieve the rescue of her who had already become so inestimably dear to him. It would have been more congenial to his natural feelings and bravery to have been ordered to fight his way to his object with his sword; but since he was to enter into a new kind of warfare, he resolved to behave himself with resolution, and to gain his ends by the methods which had been pointed out to him as calculated to answer the purpose best.

The hour of midnight had now arrived, and Adelara warned her lover that it was time to depart, since other females would speedily enter, who were placed as spies

over her actions; and whose taunts and reproaches would render her hours doubly painful, if he should be discovered by them. The Xeriff, who never wanted a second signal to remind him of the duties which honour pointed out for his observance, confessed the propriety of her request; while the sigh which accompanied the admission, proved with what pain he assented to the necessity of a separation from one whom he so tenderly loved. Adelara also was not insensible to pain; she had been long enough in the company of Aderon to perceive that his bosom was the seat of honour and virtue, and that he was an exact opposite to the character of the hated Mahomet, whose real character had been now completely developed. The idea of the task which the Xeriff was about to undertake for her rescue, tended not a little to establish his empire in her bosom; for, she considered, that he who would thus set at defiance

every danger and toil on her account, could not be unworthey of her love; but, on the contrary, had the strongest claim to it which any man could possess.

A mutual embrace, in which those vows which lovers only breathe, were interchanged; a mutual sigh, and a reciprocal smile of love, marked the separation; and Aderon, when he found himself again without the garden-door, felt no inclination to proceed any further, but bent his steps to his palace, wondering, as he called to mind the singular occurrences which had marked the evening's excursion. But repentance found no place in his bosom; for in the task which he had undertaken, he was not only serving the lovely Adelara, but himself and his subjects; for how could he do them and himself geater service, than by ridding the city of a powerful magician, whose wicked disposition induced him to commit crimes of such a detestable nature.

On the following morning the Xeriff, true to his promise, made preparations for a journey of eight days, and arranged the matters of his government, so that no possible ill consequences could ensue to his people from his temporary absence. Having completed these measures, and entrusted the government to a friend, in whose talents and integrity he could place the fullest confidence, he took with him a faithful Arab, mounted a dromedary of no ordinary speed, and set forward on his eventful and strange journey to the tomb of Schœdeli, which he well knew, as he had been accustomed to visit it whenever he journeyed to the city of Mecca.

Three days' toil sufficed to bring the travellers to the appointed spot, and Aderon, determined to lose no time, merely placed his attendant Arab in a khan, and refreshed himself after his fatigue, when, it being near sunset, he

left the city, and quickly beheld the tomb where he was to perform his devotions. At the mouth of the tomb, however, appeared an object sufficient at once to have daunted a person of less resolution than Aderon. An immense hyæna lay basking in a recess close by the entrance, licking its chaps, and evidently waiting for prey. The Xeriff was not to be alarmed by any ferocious animal, to desert his purpose, and therefore, instantly drawing his trusty sabre, which had been his companion and guard for upwards of ten years, he rushed forward without waiting for the attack of the ravenous beast, and, boldly pronouncing "In the name of Schœdeli!" the brute stayed not a moment, but turning tail, darted away from his antagonist with the rapidity of lightning. Aderon immediately perceived that the appearance of the monster was merely a magical scheme to prevent him from entering the

tomb to pay his homage, and secure the talisman.

Nothing further seemed to oppose the progress of the Xeriff, who boldly entered the repository of the bones of the sainted Sheik. A silver lamp at the head of the coffin, and a second at its foot, shed a dim lustre throughout the gloomy mansion, but the lustre was sufficient to discover to Aderon the mystical talisman, the object of his search, which was suspended in the exact situation which Adelara described. His attention was suddenly arrested from viewing it, by a tremendous roar near him, and, turning himself round, he beheld a troop of hyænas, wild dogs, panthers, and other wild beasts of the most ferocious description, making towards him open-mouthed, and with the utmost expedition, from the interior. The Xeriff had not commenced his devotions; but, considering it presumptuous to draw his

sabre in this holy spot, he threw it from him, and, bending on his knees, pronounced, in an emphatic and authoritative tone, "In the name of Schœdeli interrupt me not!" The monsters still continued to advance and to roar, but Aderon was not to be terrified out of his serenity, nor affrighted from the performance of his task: he remained with the utmost composure on his knees, pouring out his devotions, and the wild beasts, although they continued to fill the tomb with their horrid roarings, and seemed every moment ready to devour him, injured him not, nor did harm to a hair of his head.

After some time, the animals retired into the recesses of the tomb, and the utmost silence prevailed. Aderon continued his devotion with redoubled zeal; for the sun had set, and thick darkness came marching with gigantic strides from the gloomy west; an hour of his

labour had passed away. Scarcely, however, had he been a few minutes relieved from the roarings of the beasts, before a loud clashing of arms, from the interior of the tomb, assailed the Xeriff's ears.

The sound of contention was natural to him, and the warlike alarm for a moment interrupted his devotions. But his recollection instantly returned, and, after his former ejaculation, he continued his prayers. In the mean time, the din of battle increased, and a hundred warriors filled the tomb, mingling in promiscuous fight; their bright sabres glistened in his eyes, and were brandished round the head of Aderon: but all their efforts were ineffectual to rouze him from his duty, and, after a time, these discordant sounds gradually died away, and the combatants vanished.

The Xeriff was not allowed many moments to recover himself, before vivid

lightnings illuminated, and loud thunders shook, the solitary abode. A hurricane arose, and trees were uprooted; some of which fell, with a tremendous crash, within the mouth of the tomb. The earth seemed to rock backwards and forwards beneath the feet of the unshaken youth, who, with his eyes firmly fixed upon the coffin of the saint, heeded not the war of elements—the fury of the tempest. A loud crack above his head, as though the earth was about to fall upon him, and bury him in its bowels, caused but a momentary start: no consequences ensued, and the bosom of Aderon again became the seat of peace.

On a sudden the storm stayed its violence, and the most ravishing strains of music floated through the tomb, which was no longer gloomy, but illuminated by a lustre equal to that of the sun at noon-day. The Xeriff was astonished, but he withheld any exclamation of sur-

prise, and continued his prayers. The enchanting harmonies approached nearer and nearer; and, in a few minutes, a groupe of female figures, elegant and beautiful as houris, appeared before the devotional youth, twining wreaths of the finest flowers about him, and tempting him to join them by the almost irresistible grace of their manner. This was the most dangerous moment for Aderon, the adorer of female elegance. He was aware of it, and determined to resist. Closing his eyes, therefore, that he might not behold the fascinating objects, he recommenced his devotions with new vigour; and lost sight of the temptations which he feared to encounter.

Immediately on his closing his eyes, the nymphs began to sing in the most melodious tones, and the enraptured Aderon could scarcely refrain from opening his eyes to behold, and staying his

devotions, to hear the warblings of those who surrounded him with their toils. At this critical moment, however, the image of Adelara appeared before the eye of his imagination, and every other form instantly vanished before it; the tumults which had been excited in his bosom all suddenly subsided into the calmness of serenity, and the Xeriff instantly opened his eyes, but the temptations had disappeared.

Three hours had elapsed since the midnight reigned, and three only remained to be spent, before the rising of the sun should terminate his toilsome employment. But those hours passed not, without producing new trials and temptations to the fortitude of Aderon. The last and most severe, was the appearance of Adelara herself, who advanced with open arms, and exposed beauties, towards him. For a moment he was deceived, and was about to rise

from his knees, and clasp the lovely vision, when a groan from the coffin of the saint recalled him to his recollection; and closing his eyes against the seducing scene, he returned to his duty.

At length the rays of the rising sun penetrated the gloomy vault, when the Xeriff, overjoyed at the success of his efforts during the night, arose from his knees, and advanced to the sacred talisman, on which he laid his hands. The moment he had removed it from its situation, a tremendous cry was heard, which pierced the ears of Aderon, and was followed by momentary thunders and lightnings, which shook the world, and diffused a glaring light through the darkness of the tomb. Its duration, however, was short; the struggle was over, and the reign of magic was ended.

Having secured the talisman, the Xeriff returned to Mecca, to the great joy

of his faithful attendant, who was under great anxiety for the safety of his master. On the same evening, they left the city and rested that night at a town five miles on their road. The second evening afterwards discovered to Aderon the walls of his own city, and his heart beat quickly, as he called to mind how soon he might hope to enjoy the reward of his toil, in the possession of the beautiful Adelara.

Scarcely had he set foot in the city, before he hastened to the house of the magician; and having entered, he proceeded directly to the apartment of his beloved, but, on his entering it, what was his astonishment to perceive the magician standing over the beautiful female, who vainly on her knees intreated his mercy, with his sabre uplifted, as in the very act of annihilating her. The Xeriff instantly rushed forward with his own weapon unsheathed, and before the

wretch could accomplish his design, by a well directed and vigorous stroke, Aderon had laid the head of the magician at his feet, and the bleeding trunk rolled upon the floor.

A scream of joy burst from the astonished Adelara, who had not expected the return of the Xeriff for the two next days; and her emotion was so violent when she found herself so suddenly rescued from the power of her mortal foe, that she could not bear the excess of her transports, but fainted in the arms of her preserver.

Her indisposition, however, soon vanished, and when Aderon led her to a couch, and requested her to inform him by what means the magician had returned so long before his intended period, she complied, and informed him as follows:

"By means of his magical spells, Mahomet received information that I had

communicated his fatal secret respecting the talisman to some one who was about to proceed to the tomb of Schœdeli in search of it, and that thus, unless the person who had undertaken the daring task, could be terrified from carrying it into execution, his power would speedily be at an end, and his life would be made to pay the penalty of his crimes. Alarmed beyond measure, he instantly left Loheia, and pushed forward to the tomb of the sainted sheik where the talisman was deposited. He arrived on the same evening that you did, and was soon concealed in a remote part of the tomb, where he conjured up every terror and deception which his imagination could invent, or his magic arts encompass. His power, however, fortunately for you, did not extend to your person, otherwise you would never have returned from the tomb; but, by some treachery or another, he would have annihilated you,

and left your bones to moulder by the side of those of the sainted Sheik. But no sooner did he perceive with what resolution you overcame all his arts, than he glided away from the scene of his defeat and mortification; and instantly recommenced his journey with all possible speed, with a resolution to reach Muscat before you could possibly return, and to take the only method of revenge, which remained, by putting me to death, who was the cause of all his misfortunes. Your timely arrival has frustrated his sanguinary intention; and, praised be Alla, the monster fell a just victim to his own crimes. The moment that you seized upon the talisman, at sun rise, the magic power of Mahomet entirely ceased, a loud peal of thunder shook this mansion, all the maidens who had hitherto attended me, and the elegance which had surrounded me, suddenly vanished, and my poor father resumed his proper

shape, and ran to embrace his happy daughter."

Adelara ceased, and the Xeriff, taking her once more in his arms, embraced her with redoubled tenderness, and taking her by the hand, led her forth from the mansion of the magician to his own palace, and the marriage of the Xeriff and his beloved was speedily celebrated through the city of Muscat. Her father was raised to a post of honour, and Adelara blessed the evening which had drawn Aderon to the place of her confinement.

SELIM AND ZANADA;

OR,

THE REWARD OF FIDELITY.

When Osman the second mounted the throne of Turkey in 1754, the government of Arabia Petræa was entrusted to the Bashaw Solyman Agar, a man of the meanest extraction, who by his cunning and enterprising spirit had obtained the notice of the Grand Signior, and had thus made his way to the seat of honour in which he was now placed. Agas and Xeriffs were placed under his controul, and were accountable to him for their

actions: but the number of his friends was scanty, being confined to those who sought his affection from motives of interest; for he was avaricious, haughty and tyrannical, and his breath, like the poisonous breeze of the desert, diffused sickness and sorrow around.

Addicted to all sensual enjoyments, Solyman had filled his tables with the fruits of Turkey and Arabia Felix, and his haram with the choicest females, amongst which were Georgians, Circassians, Persians, and Egyptians: he was extravagantly fond of opium, and stupified himself uniformly after he had taken his supper.

One day a merchant entered the presence of Solyman, accompanied by a tall and elegant female slave closely veiled, whom he had brought for sale from Bassora. When the face was uncovered, it displayed an union of beauty and intelligence, which captivated the Bashaw,

and determined him to make her his own. "What is the price you have set upon this lovely creature?" asked the Bashaw.

"Most puissant prince, viceroy of the brother of the sun," replied the merchant, "she has cost me much trouble, and is, I believe, of a noble family. She fell to the lot of thy slave on board a corsair, and has a waiting slave to whom she is much attached, and who must accompany her. Fifteen hundred sequins thy slave considers a reasonable demand for such a beautiful article, including her attendant."

"Muna," returned the Bashaw, "I will give thee but one thousand sequins, and that price exceeds any which I ever paid for a slave. Thou wilt do well to let me have her, for thou knowest that I have long winked at thy piracies, and have it in my power to crush thee at

any time. Say if thou wilt accept my offer."

"Dread Bashaw," replied the affrighted Muna, "the slaves are thine as a free gift, only still permit me to earn my livelihood as I have hitherto done, without incurring danger."

"Thou hast acted well, Muna;" answered the Bashaw, "leave the slave, and fetch me her attendant immediately. Whilst thou thus studiest my gratification, I will allow no interruption to thy pursuits."

Muna bowed himself to the ground, and hastened to fetch the other slave, but no sooner had he left the residence of the Bashaw, than he burst forth into the most bitter execrations against the rapacity which had robbed him of such a valuable prize, and swearing that he would find some opportunity of revenging himself on the avaricious Solyman. He thought it, however, most politic to

keep his word, and to return with the attendant slave, but as he conducted her to the palace, he intimated that if ever her mistress wished to revenge herself on the Bashaw for any neglect he should offer her, she would always find him a ready assistant, as he had suffered severely from his tyranny.

Before Solyman dismissed the beautiful slave to the haram, he sought to draw her into conversation, in order that he might discover whether she was indeed of a noble family, as the merchant had said, or not. But his efforts were all in vain: she was cautious that her tongue should not fan the flame which her eyes had kindled in the bosom of the Bashaw, and half an hour's exertion only added to his information that the name of his new favourite was Zanada. The Bashaw was not a little mortified at the failure of his exertions, but smothering his rising anger, he sent her to the haram, with

this observation; "To-morrow evening I shall visit thee, and I shall then find means to dispel this silence, and to draw thee into some conversation. Be prepared to receive me in a becoming manner."

"What will now become of me!" exclaimed the beautiful Zanada, throwing herself upon the floor of the apartment which was allotted to her in the haram. "Has Alla forsaken me? Oh! Selim, even thy protecting care will scarcely avail to rescue me from the difficulty in which I am now involved."

"Fear not, my beloved Zanada," answered Selim; for the attendant slave was not a female, as had been imagined; "I have a sabre concealed under my gown, and the arm of a lover knows how to defend the object of his affections. Be civil to this Bashaw, and permit him to enter your chamber at the appointed hour; but, on some pretext or another,

retain me in your presence. If he offers violence to you, I will let my full vengence fall upon his head, and we must escape as we can."

"I will confide in thee, my dear Selim," returned Zanada, "and now, as we are alone, I will impart to thee the tale which I promised to relate, of the events which took place at Gombroom, after my father's refusal of thy suit. You remember that the cause of this refusal was the interference of Mahomet Idda, the rich merchant, who was able to surpass you in his presents to my father; and the morning when I last beheld you in Gombroon, he summoned me to his presence, soon after you left the house, and informed me that he had put an end to your visits, aud that I was to look upon the merchant Mahomet as the disposer of my future fortunes. With what indignation and sorrow I received this intelligence, you may easily imagine. I

gave way to my feelings, and was at the point of death for many days; and when I had recovered from this attack, I seemed but the shadow of what I had been before, such a melancholy change had my sufferings occasioned. I thought my father relented, when he shed tears on perceiving my altered person and countenance, and I again ventured to mention your name, but his anger immediately returned with redoubled force, and he threatened to banish me for ever, if I ever again repeated the sound in his ears, or did not forthwith consent to give my hand to the hated Mahomet. I was, however, resolved not to agree to his commands, and I told him so in the softest manner I could: but he instantly retired, and bringing with him a black enunch, of frightful appearance, he ordered him, on pain of death, to guard me in my chamber, and to prevent any stranger from approaching me; never to go out of

my presence, nor to suffer any private communication. When he had stationed this black centinel over me, he departed in search of Mahomet, and, having found him, he arranged with him to marry me on the following day, of which he informed me on his return, and desired me to prepare myself accordingly. It was now past mid-day, and I instantly resolved, since my father so obstinately persisted in his design, to evade the destiny which he designed for me by flight. I therefore began to collect my jewels and clothes, as privately as possible, so that my black guardian might not observe what I was doing: my precautions, however, were useless; he suspected my plan, and soon convinced me of its impracticability. I was compelled now to have recourse to a stratagem of a different nature; and, having a considerable number of valuables, I offered half of them to the eunuch, if he would

assist me in my escape. He seemed, however, callous to my offer; and it was not until I began to weep most plentifully, and to lament my unhappy lot in the loudest manner, that he betrayed symptoms of pity. Just as the evening was setting in, he declared himself ready to assist me in my escape, if I would suffer him to attend me, as he dreaded the vengeance of my father, in case he should remain behind, when the circumstance of my flight should be discovered. I readily assented to his scheme, and when the hour of midnight arrived, we descended into the street with the utmost care and silence, and having turned and taken a last farewell of my paternal habitation, we left the town, and bent our course towards Jidda, where Chorazor the eunuch informed me that he had an acquaintance with whom I might find refuge and protection, It was now that I began to consider the peril of my situa-

tion, left alone as I was at the mercy of this eunuch, of whom I knew so little, and whose whole appearance was so forbidding; and I bitterly repented that I had not rather communicated my intention to you, and obtained your assistance, and made you the companion of my way. It was now too late, however, for these regrets, and I was constrained to put on an appearance of satisfaction, while my bosom was rent with anguish. After a tedious journey, which passed without interruption, we reached the port of Jidda, and my conductor led me to a humble residence which was tenanted by a poor mechanic and his family, and, after speaking awhile with the master of the cottage apart, it was agreed by him that I should be admitted into the family. I did not feel contented when I saw the critical eye with which the stranger frequently surveyed my shape and countenance during this long and

mysterious conversation: but concealing my apprehensions, I determined to watch the conduct of those around me narrowly, so that I might if possible counteract any evil design which might be meditated against me. From a small window in the room which was devoted to my use, I saw, on the following day, some of my father's slaves evidently in search of me, and had not my windows been so strongly fastened and grated that I could not possibly make myself seen and heard, I should certainly have made myself known to them, and have preferred returning to meet Mahomet Idda, to remaining in such an uncertain situation. I attempted to go out of my room for this purpose, but to my sorrow and disappointment, it was fortified against me, so that I found myself a close prisoner, without the power of quitting the chamber, or calling for assistance. I returned to my window, but the slaves were no longer to be seen.

I threw myself upon the floor, and, giving way to my grief, shed abundance of tears. In about an hour, Chorazor came into my room bringing some rice for me; and when I demanded the cause of my being locked up a prisoner in my chamber; he replied very coolly that my own security, and his designs, required such caution. It was in vain that I sought to learn his intentions respecting me; he refused to satisfy what he called an idle curiosity, and censured the folly which induced me so readily to believe that he would assist me in my escape without any other views of profit than what my trinkets would produce. I was enraged, but he laughed at my indignatron, and bade me reserve it for some opportunity where it might prove of service to me. For several days I remained in the most terrible state of suspence, without the occurrence of any thing which tended to elate or depress me; but

but one morning while I was sitting on the floor, a prey to my usual despondency, the sound of voices approached my door, and caused me to start. In a few moments, Chorazor entered, accompanied by an elderly person, whose countenance had less of ferocity in it than that of my inhuman gaoler. The stranger surveyed me with the utmost minuteness, asked me my name, and after attentively looking on me for some minutes, he said,—" I am satisfied," and instantly followed the black out of the room. As they retired, I heard the stranger exclaim,—" If five hundred sequins will do, I will take her :" the truth instantly flashed on my mind; I was about to be sold into slavery; and this thought appeared so full of horrors to my imagination, that I called upon Alla rather to take me from the world, than to allow such a circumstance to take place. In my fury and terror, I cursed

Chorazor, and my own folly, which preferred trusting him to placing confidence in the humanity of my father. But all my sorrows were utterly useless; they could not save me; on the same evening I was carried from my chamber by two strangers, and was borne towards the shore. I had nearly reached the place where the ship lay, which was destined to receive me, when I suddenly caught sight of you in the street. I immediately set up a loud scream which attracted your notice, and you rushed towards the spot and discovered me. When you found every effort to ransom or rescue me was totally ineffectual, you watched me to the vessel whither I was conveyed, and when I saw you returning to the town, I was confident that I should again behold you. I was not deceived; on the next day, the captain of the vessel came to me, who was the person I had before seen in my room, and brought me a black

attendant, exclaiming—" There is a female slave to wait on you, Zanada; one who seems much attached to you." My folly at that moment would have rendered your plan abortive, had not the captain retired without waiting for a reply, as I was on the point of refusing my attendant: Alla, however, was kind, and prevented me from rejecting the prize which offered itself to me, and my heart beat with joy when you discovered yourself in the person of my attendant. From that moment my sorrows became more tolerable, since you were present like the sun, amidst the horrors of a storm, shedding cheerfulness and hope of a joyous future.

Of our departure from the port you know as well as myself; as also of our attack in the Red Sea by a pirate, by which means we fell into the hands of Muna, whose treatment of us has been uniformly kind, but from whom we have

been consigned to the mercy of Solyman, whose avarice and tyranny are known even to the shores of the sea. We must act with caution: there is yet time to prepare for the visit of the bashaw, and perhaps we may be obliged to save our lives by flight, if that is practicable, for I have no doubt the conduct of the bashaw will call forth your resentment."

Selim informed Zanada of the offer of Muna, and it was agreed to apply to the captain, and procure him to be in readiness under the walls of the seraglio, to convey them to his vessel, in order that they might thus, if necessary, be enabled to make their escape from the hated confinement in which they were placed.

Before the evening had closed in, Selim had achieved his object, and had interested Muna in his scheme—"But," said the captain, "it may be as well for you and Zanadato have two daggers, that

you may be enabled to frustrate any attempt to seize you." Selim led the captain into a bye walk, and drawing his sabre from beneath his vest, asked him if that would not do as well as a dagger. It is too large and heavy for a woman to use," replied Muna. "I am no woman, captain," answered Selim, "but the lover of Zanada, disguised, and I have an inclination and an arm, which will enable me to use this weapon with some spirit and effect."

Muna started at the discovery which Selim had made, but speedily recovering himself, with a smile he expressed his joy at the circumstance; since the conjunction of their efforts would be more likely to produce success."

Zanada expected the return of her lover with the utmost anxiety, and his joyful countenance, as he entered the room, immediately dispelled the slight terrors which were rising in her breast on account of his long absence. "You

have succeeded, Selim," she whispered, "and Muna will assist our plan. I see it in your looks with as much certainty as though you had already expressed it."

"He has agreed to convey us to his vessel," answered Selim, "and will be in waiting under the walls of the haram from sunset to-morrow until we shall either join him, or give him a signal by which he will know that we have no occasion for his further assistance; but I have no doubt that measures of violence must be used against this bashaw, of whom Muna speaks in the most despicable terms, as a wretch without honor or regard to truth, religion or decency."

"Then we shall once more see the face of liberty," exclaimed Zenada; "and the poisonous Simmoon of adversity will no longer cross our way through life, destroying our happiness, and frustrating our efforts."

She would have proceeded, but a sudden

noise in the haram caused her to stop: and instantly cries were heard of terror and distress. Selim rushed out of the apartment, but returned in a few minutes with horror and indignation strongly depicted in his countenance. "'Tis the cursed bashaw," said he, "who has just wreaked his vengeance on an unhappy slave, who refused compliance with his wishes. Her streaming corpse now lies in the haram, as a warning to others, to avoid her unaccommodating disposition. So you see, my dear Zanada, nothing remains for us but to act with promptitude and resolution. I must sacrifice this wretch, or he will annihilate you."

At this moment the door opened, and a slave entered, exclaiming, "Here comes the great bashaw, Solyman Agar, the representative of the immortal Osman, the shadow of God, the brother to the sun and moon, and the disposer of all earthly crowns."

Selim had but a moment's time to whisper in the ear of Zanada—" Put him off till to-morrow night," when the haughty Solyman entered the room.

Zanada was so overwhelmed with terror, that she could scarcely prevent herself from sinking to the earth; and, when the bashaw seated himself by her side, and took her hand, her sinking heart almost ceased to palpitate. She recollected Selim's advice, however, and managed matters so adroitly, that Solyman soon afterwards retired, delighted with the beauty and affability of his new favourite, after having placed upon her finger a ring of immense value, as a token of his affection. He promised to renew his visit at an early hour on the following evening, and exhorted her to continue in the same affable disposition, and he would set her at the head of his haram.

This honour, however, Zanada was

by no means inclined to covet, and she felt herself comparatively happy when she was ridded of his hated presence. Yet terror had hold of her, for she reflected that a thousand circumstances might occur to frustrate the plan which her lover had formed, and that she might still be doomed to remain in the haram, a more degraded slave than any she had hitherto been. Selim endeavoured to reassure her, and he succeeded, when he put into her hands the dagger which Muna had sent to her, and accompanied it with this exclamation, "My dear Zanada, if any thing should occur to frustrate my plans, now you are possessed of this weapon, you can in a moment deliver yourself from the company of Solyman, and send him to a world where he will be treated according to his deserts."

On the following evening, at sunset, Selim perceived Muna loitering about

under the walls of the haram, and, having satisfied himself of the punctuality and resolution of the captain, he returned to the apartment of Zanada, and cheered her with the intelligence that all was prepared. When it became dark, Selim removed her clothes, and had just confided them to Muna, who sent them to his vessel by one of his slaves who was at hand in readiness, when the approach of the bashaw was announced with all the accustomed formalities, and in a few minutes he entered the apartment.

"Object of my affections!" said Solyman, as he approached Zanada, who trembled excessively with the violence of her agitation; "I come to receive the reward of my patience. Thou hast already gained more power over my heart, than all the other females of the haram unitedly can boast. I will distinguish thee from all others by my liberality and love to thee: thou shalt be-

come the envy of all those who surround thee, and who strove to obtain my smiles. They are but stars, and are not seen by me in the presence of thee, who art my sun."

"Thy slave does not deserve to be thus honoured," answered Zanada, in a voice which betrayed the strength of her emotions: "nor does she desire to eclipse those who have a greater claim to the affections of the illustrious Solyman."

Selim stood behind his beloved, scarcely less agitated than herself, and several times he advanced to the window, from which he could mark the faithful Muna tracing his way backwards and forwards beneath; and more than once was he about to draw his sabre, and carry his project into execution. Reason, however, checked his arm, and in a short time Solyman ordered the slaves to withdraw. All obeyed, except Selim, who was unwilling to move, and to avoid

the notice of the bashaw, he concealed himself behind a screen, from which he could reach Solyman without being overheard. He had no sooner posted himself in this place of concealment, than Solyman began to pour forth his love in still stronger strains of extravagant passion; and claimed the performance of his promise, in a manner which proved that he would not be trifled with.

Selim determined to wait no longer, since further delay must be productive of danger to Zanada; and, unsheathing his sabre, he took about three steps from behind the screen, and taking a deliberate aim, and nerving his arm with new resolution, he made a tremendous blow at the bashaw, whose headless trunk instantly fell upon the floor, while his head rolled across the apartment.

The terror of Zanada was now at its height: and her agitation became so violent, that Selim was obliged to remind

her, that the success of their scheme depended upon her becoming more composed; and that violent emotion would thwart it. This suggestion called her to herself, and she became immediately calm. Selim advanced to the window, and calling to Muna, the latter instantly raised a ladder to the window, by which Zanada first descended, and Selim followed, bearing the head of the bashaw, after he had made fast the door of the chamber, to prevent the intrusion of Solyman's slaves.

The transports of the captain were unbounded, when he perceived the head of the man who had hitherto held him in awe; but Selim restrained their impetuosity by reminding him, that although this part of the plan was carried into effect, their escape entirely depended upon the rapidity of their movements. Muna agreed in this; and, having removed the ladder, he took the arm of Zanada on

the one side, while Selim supported her on the other, and they hurried away towards the ship, which they soon reached. The tide was just upon the ebb, and Muna immediately weighed anchor, and stood out into the bay, which he had scarcely done, before the bells of the mosques began to ring most loudly, guns were heard communicating an alarm throughout the city, and the utmost confusion and disorder seemed to prevail.

The moon had now risen, and shed her silvery lustre over the face of the waters, and the vessel began to move rapidly as her sails were unfurled; when Muna, running below into the cabin, with looks of terror, exclaimed,—"We are pursued; a boat is now rowing after us, full of soldiers. What must we do? Shall we prepare for resistance, or surrender? for I fear we cannot make sufficient way."

"If we surrender, a cruel death will

be the lot of each of us;" replied Selim, "and never, while I can wield a sword, shall one of the slaves of the villanous bashaw lay his hands upon my Zanada. Let us die fighting, or gain the victory."

The sentiment was approved by Muna, who communicated it to the seamen, but they refused to contend against such uneven numbers. Upon which Selim drew his sabre, and flourishing it in the air, declared his resolution to defend his beloved mistress to the last. By this time the boats had approached very near to the ship, and in a few minutes they came alongside, and the soldiers began to board, without resistance, except from Muna and Selim. The former was soon mastered, and taken prisoner, but such was the fury of Selim, that four soldiers had already fallen before him, and his next stroke sent the commander headless into the ocean; but here his ca-

reer was stayed, for at the same instant he received a wound which caused him to let fall his sabre, and he was instantly pinioned, and the vessel was again directed in its course towards the shore.

The conquered groupe looked for instant annihilation, but such was not the case. No sooner were they landed, than an escort was appointed to convey them to Bagdad, in order that they might be examined before the Turkish governor, and receive such punishment as he should be pleased to inflict; and with the dawn of the morning the troop and the prisoners were on their way to the Turkish borders.

Selim was scarcely able to impart any consolation to the distressed Zanada; who feared that the end of her existence was near at hand. Yet it was a consolation to her, that if she was doomed to destruction, she should die in the arms of her faithful Selim. The agitated

Muna was in a still worse state. He rejected all comfort, and cursed his own folly for having suffered himself to join in the conspiracy against the bashaw, and execrated, in the most bitter terms, all who had been connected with him in it.

"Of what avail is it to me," he would cry, in the moment of his lowest despondency, "that the head of the scoundrel bashaw is at the bottom of the Red Sea; if I must so soon follow him out of the world? I expected when I had got rid of him, that I should have been able to pursue my old business without hindrance or fear, which I could not do with safety, while it was known to him that I was a pirate. But now there is an end of my business, and my hopes together; and I might as well have waited for him to dispatch me in some moment of anger. Then I should have lived, perhaps, some years longer; but now,

when I end my journey at Bagdad, there will be a speedy end of poor Muna."

Selim could scarcely forbear from laughing, when he listened to the complaints of the disappointed captain, and Zanada herself often hazarded a smile, when she heard him, which never failed to raise his anger and murmurings in a tenfold degree, and to make him almost furious with indignation and mortification. The dignity which Selim and Zanada preserved, rendered them respected by the escort, but Muna was the object of continued ridicule through the whole of the journey.

At length the towers and walls of Bagdad appeared in view. "Alas! it is all over now," exclaimed Muna," there runs the Tigris, and I shall soon be made to run with it."

They were conducted to the castle, whose formidable appearance, and dark

frowning walls, covered with cannon, were calculated to excite emotions of apprehension, in the bosoms of the prisoners. Here they were lodged in a spacious apartment, to remain until the Turkish governor should be at liberty to examine them; and here they were left to the consolations of each other.

The period of confinement was, however, of short duration. After a repose of about twenty-four hours, they were ushered into the presence of the governor, and were confronted by the slaves who had attended Solyman Agar into the chamber of Zanada, and who had broken open the door, after having waited until their patience was exhausted; and their apprehensions that some evil had happened to the bashaw, induced them to enter at the peril of their lives, to satisfy themselves. When they saw the windows opened, and discovered a ladder

lying beneath it, they perceived that their master had been the victim of some preconcerted conspiracy, and Muna, whose dissatisfaction at the bashaw's conduct to him, was well known, being suspected, search was made after him, and it was found that his vessel had just sailed. Boats were immediately manned, and sent in pursuit, one of which was successful in taking the fugitives.

When the governor demanded of Selim and his fellow-prisoners if they could deny the charge, Selim instantly stood firm and made confession of the whole, adding, "and now, most powerful prince, if it be thy will that thy slaves should perish for what they have done, we bow with due submission; but intreat first that thy slave may be permitted to impart his tale to thee; which he presumes will have the effect of moving thy compassion, and inducing thee to reward two faithful lovers. Thy slave is not a black female

attendant as he appears, but the lover of the beautiful Zanada, in disguise, in which he has accompanied and defended her."

The governor started at this intelligence, and expressed his readiness to listen to the narrative, which Selim immediately commenced, and continued to the end. "Selim," said the governor, as he concluded—"to morrow thou shalt hear further of my pleasure. Let them be conveyed back to the castle, and treated with the utmost attention; let no injury be offered to them."

The command was obeyed, and the prisoners were reconducted to their prison; but their hopes had greatly revived when they saw the attention which the governor appeared to pay to the narrative of Selim. Zanada again ventured to smile, and to anticipate future happiness, while Muna was less liberal in his complaints and execrations, and even con-

descended now and then to address Selim in the language of respect. Selim himself, however, although he entertained hopes that they might not be punished so severely as he at first had apprehended, refused to give full scope to ideas which might prove illusive, and his seriousness acted as a check upon the increasing gaiety of Zanada.

On the next day, the prisoners were again summoned into the presence of the governor, whose smiling countenance, and the benignity which cloathed his brow, entirely dissipated the few remaining apprehensions which survived in the breast of Selim; who, as he prostrated himself before the throne, was cheered by the following expression from the governor.

"Rise, Selim, I restore thee to Zanada; and so far from punishing thee for what thou hast done in her defence, I will reward thee for thy constancy and enter-

prising heroism. Go to Arabia Petreæ, and there thou art appointed to rule as bashaw, in the room of Solyman, whose avarice and cruelty have long rendered him odious to me and to those over whom he has governed. Let mercy and justice mark thy progress, and mayest thou, with thy Zanada, taste the enjoyment of such tried fidelity."

Zanada prostrated herself by the side of Selim, and together the lovers poured out their gratitude to the benevolent governor. They returned without delay into Arabia, and commanded the escort which had brought them into Bagdad as prisoners. Muna was appointed to a post under the bashaw, and Selim and Zanada lived long in the affections of the Arabs, over whom they ruled with the most indulgent sway; and trained the children which Alla gave to them, in the way of virtue and benevolence.

THE END.

INDEX.

Page

THE FREEBOOTER OF THE DESERT..... 1

HADJEE ACHMED; OR, THE WOODCUTTER 43

ADELARA AND ADERON; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE 86

SELIM AND ZANADA; OR, THE REWARD OF FIDELITY 126

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